

The Enterprise.

VOL. 6.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1901.

NO. 41.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.
5:56 A. M. Daily.
7:26 A. M. Daily except Sunday.
9:12 A. M. Daily.
4:24 P. M. Daily.
5:54 P. M. Daily.
SOUTH.
6:45 A. M. Daily.
7:19 A. M. Daily except Sunday.
12:10 P. M. Daily.
4:06 P. M. Daily.
7:05 P. M. Daily.
12:20 A. M. Sundays Only (Theater).

S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R.

Change of Time Which Went Into Effect February 5th, 1900.
Cars leave Holy Cross.
8:30, 7:15, 7:37, 8:01, 8:16 A. M.
and every 15 minutes thereafter until 11:30 P. M.
3:31 P. M., 3:45, 4:01, 4:17, 4:33, 4:49, 5:06, 5:21
and every 15 minutes thereafter until 11:30 P. M.
7:51 P. M., 8:09, 8:21, 8:39, 8:51, 9:09, 9:25, 9:49,
10:21, 10:53, 11:23.
All cars run direct through to new Ferry Depot.
First car leaves Baden Station 8:52 A. M., and
every 15 minutes thereafter until 6:10 P. M.
Time cards can be obtained by applying to
conductors or office at 30th St.

POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. 6 days.
8:00 to 9:00 a. m. Money order office open
7 a. m. to 6:30 p. m.

MAILS ARRIVE.

From the North. 7:35 4:20
South. 5:05 4:35

MAIL CLOSURES.

North. 8:50 12:30
South. 7:00 4:35
E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held every
Sunday in Grace Church. Morning
service at 11 o'clock a. m. Evening service at
7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. See
local column.

MEETINGS.

Hose Company No. 1 will meet every
Friday at 7:30 p. m. at the Court room.

MEETING NOTICE.

Progress Camp, No. 425, Woodmen
of the World, meets every Wednesday
evening at Journeymen Butchers'
Hall.

Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeymen
Butchers' Protective and Benevolent
Association, will meet every
Tuesday at 8 p. m., at Journeymen
Butchers' Hall.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT
Hon. G. H. Buck. Redwood City
TREASURER
P. P. Chamberlain. Redwood City
TAX COLLECTOR
F. M. Granger. Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY
J. J. Bullock. Redwood City
ASSESSOR
G. D. Hayward. Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK AND RECORDER
M. H. Thompson. Redwood City
SHERIFF
J. E. Mansfield. Redwood City
AUDITOR
Geo. Barker. Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS
Miss Etta M. Tilton. Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR
Jas. Crowe. Redwood City
SURVEYOR
W. B. Gilbert. Redwood City

DIAMONDS FIELDS DISCOVERED

An Official Statement That the Gems Are
Found Throughout the United States.
Chicago.—Diamonds are found in
the United States in three distinct
districts, according to a report now being
prepared by the Geological Survey
which will treat of precious stones in
this country. The diamond fields are
located: (1) Wisconsin, Michigan,
Indiana and Ohio, in the vicinity of
Green Bay lobe of the Continental
glacier; (2) in Georgia, North Carolina,
Tennessee, South Carolina and
Kentucky; (3) in California, adjacent
to the water sheds of the San Joaquin
and Sacramento rivers, where they
were first found in the United States.
There are reports that diamonds have
been found recently in six localities in
Georgia, but there is some doubt as to
their authenticity. A diamond of four
and one half carats was discovered
recently in Shelby county, Ala., thirty
miles south of Birmingham. Two diamonds
were found recently in Tennessee,
near Knoxville.

Great Gold Discovery on the Rand.

New York.—A cable from Johannesburg
says: The Turf Club bore hole
has struck the main gold reef at a
depth of 4800 feet. This is the most
important mining event in years, and
goes far to prove the reliability of the
new South Africa estimates as to the
value of the Rand reefs. It establishes
a permanent gold industry for seventy
years, and practically proves that there
are additional deep levels equivalent to
a whole line of outcrop mines.

The most successful farmers and
dairymen are unanimous in their
approval of the silo. It very rarely pays
to overestimate a dairy cow in order to
secure phenomenal results. There is
less uniformity in dairy cows as to
quality and quantity of product than
with any other stock.

TELEGRAPHIC RESUME

Things That Have Happened All Over the Country

MENTIONED IN THESE PARAGRAPHS.

Selections That Will Greatly Interest
Our Readers Both Old
and Young.

The President has made the following
appointments in the Navy: William
White, Lieutenant Commander; Alfred
A. Pratt, Lieutenant.

Michael Davitt, the Irish Nationalist,
who resigned his seat in the British
Parliament some time ago as a protest
against the Boer war, has arrived at
New York from Southampton.

Miron A. Decker, a well-known piano
manufacturer, is dead, aged 83 years.
Mr. Decker was born in the Catskills
and began the manufacture of pianos
in New York about forty years ago.

The Navy Department is about to
establish a primary school for children
on the Samoan island of Tutuila. The
navy commander, Captain Tilly, has
made an urgent recommendation to this
effect.

The court-martial which recently
tried Major Charles A. Boyen, fleet
marine officer of the North Atlantic
squadron at Newport, on the charge of
intoxication and being absent without
leave, found him guilty and sentenced
him to lose two numbers and be reprimanded by the Navy.

The National Miners' Federation
has sent a circular to all its members,
proposing a general strike in France
for November 1st unless the Government
and mining companies have
previously given the miners satisfaction
in regard to the proposals for eight
hours' work per day and a pension of
2 francs per day after twenty-five
years' work.

In the course of an interview with
Krueger, the ex-President of the Transvaal
said: "We have already proposed
peace directly to Great Britain and we
will not renew the proposition. All
we are willing to give for peace is
money, if Great Britain asks it. No
price is too dear to obtain independence
and the right to live as a free nation."

According to the Cologne Gazette,
negotiations have been concluded by
which the members of the unwrought-
iron syndicate agreed to an extension
of the terms now in force until the end
of 1902. The Hoesch Iron and Steel
Works and the Deutsche, Kaiser and
Rhenish steel companies, which had
hitherto stood out against an agreement
joined the syndicate.

In response to an inquiry from the
Italian Government, the State Department
has announced that it will receive
with pleasure as Ambassador
from Italy to the United States Minister
des Planches, at present Italian
Minister to Serbia, and a diplomat of
long experience. Senor Malaspini, the
Italian Minister to Buenos Ayres, who
was originally selected to succeed
Baron Fava at Washington, will go
elsewhere.

The Secretary of the Treasury and
the Treasurer of the United States
has filed with the clerk of the Supreme
Court of the District of Columbia their
answers to the petition for an accounting
in connection with the well-known
Darke claim against the Government
—\$79,000,000 and interest. These
officials assert in their replies that the
claim is "wholly imaginary, false,
fictitious and fraudulent and without
foundation in law or in fact." They
assert that the records of the Treasury
Department fail to disclose any basis
for the claim.

A complication has arisen in connection
with the recent acquisition by the
Navy Department of the big floating
drydock in Havana harbor. Contractors
who dredged out the harbor where
the dock lies to a depth sufficient to
make it operative have come forward
with a claim for \$75,000, which they
hold should be paid before the Government
is allowed to remove the dock. The
Navy Department holds that if
there is an equity in this claim the
contractors must have recourse to the
Spanish Government, for the dock was
in its possession when the dredging
was done. The Attorney-General will
have to pass upon the case.

St. Louis Building Trades Union.

St. Louis.—An attempt is being
made in this city to form a building
material trades council, to include all
workmen engaged in the manufacture
of structural materials. If the
project is carried out successfully, only
union-made material can be used in
the erection of World's Fair buildings,
it is stated.

Transport Samoa Renamed the Dix.

Washington.—The Acting Secretary
of War has named the big transport
Samoa the Dix, in honor of General
John A. Dix, who issued the famous
order: "If any man attempts to haul
down the American flag shoot him on
the spot." The Samoa is now in use
on the line between San Francisco
and Manila.

WATER FOR KLONDIKE CLAIMS.

Rights Granted by the Crown to a London Distributing Company.

Tacoma, Wash.—A London Company
has secured the crown grant of an immense
water right in the Klondike,
whereby it may take water from the
Klondike river and supply the thousands
of hillside and bench claims in the
district with water. The feasibility
of taking a large volume of water
from the Klondike through flumes
and ditches to different creeks in the
district has long been admitted by engineers,
but it has heretofore been impossible
to secure the necessary grant.

The present grantees seem to stand
well with the Ottawa Government and
secured the plan through their influence.
The company is composed of
Malcolm H. Orr Ewing, A. N. C.
Treadgold of London, and Walter
Barwick of Toronto. They are backed
by ample capital to carry out the
project. In the rights granted the
company it is stipulated that as far
as possible they must bring to all the
claims in the country sufficient water
to work them to the fullest extent. It
is required that they shall spend no
less than \$250,000 before December
31, 1902.

Certain clauses of the grant protect
the individual miner, and the charge
which the company makes is limited
to \$1 per miner's inch per hour.
Work has already been commenced at
a high point on the Klondike to pre-
pare for the main aqueduct. In its
far-reaching consequences and the
permanency of its income this is con-
sidered the most valuable concession
yet granted in the Klondike.

WILL DEVELOP RUSSIAN MINES.

Arrangements Completed in New York to Open Up a Large Tract.

New York.—The Tribune says that
arrangements were completed at the
Waldorf-Astoria last week for the
development on a large scale by American
and French capital and engineers
of 110 square miles of gold, silver,
copper and platinum bearing mineral
lands in the South Ural mountains,
Russia. The tract is on a railroad
leading from St. Petersburg to Irkutsk,
near the latter place, and has been
reserved as mineral lands by the
Czar's Government.

Among those appearing in the transac-
tion at the Waldorf-Astoria were
Professor George Treadwell, a metal-
lurgist, and friends of Paul Anusasoff,
one of the builders and at present an
associate manager of the Transiberian
Railway. The Czar himself has
taken a keen interest in the negotia-
tions, as the development of this im-
portant mineral tract is expected to
have an important bearing on mining
enterprises throughout the Russian
empire. Treadwell has spent the
greater part of his life on the Pacific
Coast. He at one time owned an in-
terest in Senator Clark's United Verde
copper mine in Arizona. Latterly he
has worked copper and silver mines in
Arizona and Mexico.

PROTEST AGAINST HOUSE TAX.

Boxers Post Placards in Canton Calling for War on the Foreigners.

Canton.—Violent anti-foreign placards,
emanating from the Boxers, have
been posted in the vicinity of the
Christian churches. The placards protest
against the imposition of the
house tax, saying that it is only exacted
in order to meet the indemnity to be
paid the powers, and proceeds: "If
money can be obtained, why not make
war on foreigners? China is not yet
defeated. It is only the Government
authorities, who are blinded by dis-
loyal Ministers. If we refuse to fight
then it is a case of being greedy to
live yet fearing death. How can the
carefully studied military arts be used
except against foreigners? How can
we otherwise employ our regiments?"

"During 1901 much money will be
collected through lotteries, gambling
and general taxes. But they were
never satisfied. Therefore, should the
house tax be collected we will demolish
the churches and drive out the Christians.
If the Emperor is unable to
pay, we Boxers have an excellent plan
to gain a victory over the foreigners.
Unless this policy is adopted a great
rebellion is certain."

VICTORY FOR CREDITORS.

Castellanes Are Ordered to Pay One and Three-Quarter Million Dollars.

New York.—Judge Lacombe in the
United States Circuit Court handed
down a decision directing George J.
Gould and Heien M. Gould, as receivers
of the surplus income of Anna Gould
(Countess Castellane) to pay the
installments of principal and interest
past due upon three mortgages on the
Castellane's palatial residence in the
Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, in Paris,
and the Chateau Marais, formerly one
of the most cherished possessions of
the Duchesse de Noailles. These payments
amount to \$50,867.

The Court also directed the payment
of certain installments upon two judgments
by Suseman, Rheims & Co. and by
Charles Manheim; also to pay a
dividend of 10 per cent to 104 creditors,
who have intervened. The payments
ordered aggregate \$230,000 and
leave in the hands of the receivers
about \$100,000.

Judge Lacombe also allowed the
claims of Eugene Fitchhoff and 105
other creditors of the Countess, amount-
ing to \$1,450,500.

NOT A MODEL CAMP.

Camp Gage Criticized by Colonel Wilhelm.

STATE TROOPS HANDLED BADLY.

To the Regular Army Officer the Infractions
of Military Propriety Are
Much to be Censured.

Sacramento.—A report has been received
by Adjutant-General W. H.
Seamans from Colonel Thomas Wilhelm
of the United States Army, retired,
inspector of rifle practice of the
National Guard, in relation to the recent
encampment of the State militia
at Camp Gage near Santa Cruz.
Colonel Wilhelm, in several instances,
arraigns the methods practiced in
handling the State troops.

In the course of the report, Colonel
Wilhelm observes that the animals of
some of the mounted troops were very
irregularly fed, so much so that their
service might have been regarded as
doubtful. Upon inquiry as to the
cause, it was found that the issue of
hay and straw was distributed to the
animals without any regard to the
regulation allowance per animal, result-
ing in over and under feeding.

For this, declares Colonel Wilhelm,
detachment commanders are respon-
sible, and should be held for inatten-
tion. The neglect to pick up the tent pins
at the breaking of camp is character-
ized as unpardonable carelessness, and
should have been looked into by the
regimental quartermasters. The cooking
was declared to be good, although
in some of the kitchens considerable
food was wasted. The complaints of
lack of supplies were found unworthy
of attention. Colonel Wilhelm says
that the term militia, as applied by
law to the naval force of the State,
seems to be unfortunate; it is now
hardly synonymous with the highest
meaning of the word military, and in
modern times has come to signify
the undisciplined domestic forces sub-
ject to be called for the defense of the
Nation in its very last extremity.

The report states that the official
channels are more or less ignored and
reports, returns, requests and requisitions
are not sufficiently scrutinized in
transmission. Of various infractions
of military propriety, it was frequently
noticed, says the report, that officers
and enlisted men together visited
drinking saloons and treated each
other to intoxicants at public bars.
This, says Colonel Wilhelm, at once
shows the entire absence of a proper
understanding of their duties as officers
and enlisted men. Military
efficiency, he says, is out of the question
where such familiarity is permitted.

MANY DESTITUTE ACTRESSES.

English Women of the Stage Will Investigate
Conditions of Their Sisters.

New York.—A cable from London
says: Several well-known English
actresses, including Ellen Terry, Win-
ifred Emery and Mrs. Patrick Camp-
bell, are investigating destitution
among their unemployed professional
sisters, the great extent of which was
brought to public attention by the
suicide of Ida and Edith Yeoland.
These young women were of estimable
character, acknowledged talent and
great physical charm. They were
popular with play-goers, yet were un-
able to secure employment. Edith
had expected to secure an American
engagement.

A prominent actress said the other
day: "The English system is direct.
You know whether or not you are
going to be employed, and if the prospect
is held out to you there is a cer-
tainty that the manager is sincere.
The American system, on the contrary,
keeps you dawdling and hanging
around an office day after day. How-
ever, the fact is that the profession
here in America is crowded."

Governor of Panama Makes a Statement.

New York.—General Alban, Governor
of Panama, has telegraphed this
statement to the Herald relative to the
present situation in Colombia: "The
revolutionists do not occupy any city
or place of importance, and are made
up of guerrillas who merely attack un-
defended villages and localities. But
at present Colombia is being threat-
ened by foreign invasions, encouraged
by the Presidents of Venezuela, Ecuador
and Nicaragua, against which the
Colombian Government is well pre-
pared and will do all that is natural
and allowable in self-defense."

Honors for Army Officers.

Washington.—There is to be a sup-
plemental report by the Board of Awards
appointed by Secretary Long to con-
sider and report upon the recommenda-
tions made by commanding officers
relative to awards to officers under
them during the Spanish war. It was
found that when the first list was
made up quite a number deserving of
consideration had been overlooked in
the early reports on which the board
had acted, and from time to time the
attention of the department has been
called to the omissions.

WILL ASK DIVORCE IN JAPAN.

Lady Hope Will Marry the Man With Whom She Elope.

New York.—Lady Francis Hope will
try to obtain a divorce in Japanese
courts and will marry the man for
whose sake she has brought upon her-
self fresh notoriety, according to
Emanuel M. Friend, her counsel.
He also said that there was absolutely
no truth in the report that Lord
Francis had obtained a legal separa-
tion from his wife, or that she has re-
ceived one penny from the Duke of
Newcastle, or from any member of Lord
Hope's family.

"On the contrary," said Friend,
"Lord Hope is indebted to May Yohe for
large sum, representing moneys which
she advanced him, from time to time,
for his personal use. Of this Lord
Hope has given evidence in writing
and is pledged to pay the debt in 1905.
The amount is sufficient to make Lady
Hope independent. The separation of
the couple took place in my office,
when they agreed to live apart for all
time, although this agreement was not
in writing. The money with which
Lady Francis traveled across the coun-
try was not hers, but Captain Strong's.
I know that he made a great deal
money in fortunate speculation in
Wall street. The Hope jewels are the
property of May Yohe for all time,
and are not being sacrificed."

TALKS OF BRITISH ATROCITIES.

Krueger Says the Conditions in the Concentration
Camps Are Terrible.

Paris.—The Figaro publishes a long
interview with Mr. Krueger. After
denying the cruelties charged against
the Boers in Lord Kitchener's report
Krueger declares that the atrocities of
the concentration camps were twenty
times worse than had been stated by
Miss Hobhouse in Great Britain, and
that, when fully known, they would
cause the world to shudder with horror
and move the nations to intervene.

"We are defending our liberty,"
continued Krueger, "and when it is
granted we will lay down our arms.
Great Britain knows our conditions.
It is not for me to repeat them. We
will never renounce our flag, and we
cannot accept any protectorate. I am
convinced that the hour will come
when Great Britain will grant what is
our right. Moreover, I am confident
that God is with us and will not aban-
don us."

Mr. Fischer, who was present at the
interview said nothing had yet been
decided regarding Krueger's visit to
America.

THE COLOMBIAN INCIDENT.

Foreign Office Not Inclined to Take a
Bellicose View of the Matter.

New York.—A cable from Berlin
says: The Foreign Office makes the
following statement regarding the Alle-
gheny incident: "The affair has not
been sufficiently investigated, but
there is no reason for any excitement.
In principle the German Government
recognizes that merchant ships in
foreign territorial waters are subject to
search by the authorities of those
countries. By existing treaty it is
provided that at such times the Consul
must be present. This was the case in
Colombia, though the German Consul
is a Colombian."

"As regards the reported insulting
of the German flag, the Cologne Ga-
zette points that every bit of cloth of
German colors stitched together is not
a German flag. We must await the
conclusion of the inquiry at present
being carried on."

"In case Germany should demand
satisfaction, the matter will in all
probability give rise to a friendly ex-
change of notes."

Blockhouses to Guard Railways.

New York.—A cable from Pretoria
says: The blockhouse system which
was recently adopted by the British is
evidently a success. The blockhouses
now extend a long distance. Their
construction has been rapid, only a
fortnight having been occupied in
building enough of them to cover a
stretch of country 180 miles long.

This system has resulted in inter-
rupting communication between the
different bodies of Boers and enables
the British to obtain accurate knowl-
edge of the movements of burghers.
Attacks on the railway are futile
where blockhouses have been com-
pleted, and at the present time 200
miles of railway are protected. Cap-
tured cattle can now be brought along
the line, and the Boers are being
rapidly deprived of their stock. Breaks
in the railway by the Boers are now
greatly reduced.

Attendance at the Pan-American.

Buffalo, N. Y.—The bureau of ad-
missions announces that the admis-
sions during the first three months ending
at midnight on July 31st were 2,774,-
908. With the exception of one week,
the admissions have showed a steady
increase.

Brazilian Tariff Changes Defeated.

Rio de Janeiro.—Owing to the
efforts of the United States Minister
here, Charles Page Bryan, proposed
tariff changes prejudicial to American
commerce and favored by British,
Italian and Argentine interests, have
been defeated in the Brazilian Con-
gress.

Dairy Rules.

Salt should be always accessible to
cows. Do not change the feed sud-
denly. Clean and air the stable before
milking. Do not allow dogs, cats or
loafers around at milking time. Never
mix fresh, warm milk with that which
has been cooled. All persons who
milk the cows should have the finger
nails cut closely. Keep the stable
and dairy room in good condition, well
ventilated and clean. Milk with dry
hands; never allow the hands to come
in contact with the milk. Use no dry,
dusty feed just previous to milking;
if fodder is dusty sprinkle it before it
is fed. Whitewash the stable once or
twice a year; use land plaster in the
manure gutters daily. If the cover is
left off the can a piece of cloth or
mosquito netting should be used to
keep out insects. Do not move cows
faster than a comfortable walk while
on the way to the place of milking or
feeding. The milker should wear a
clean outer garment, used only when
milking, and kept in a clean place at
other times. Observe and enforce the
utmost cleanliness about the cattle,
their attendants, the stable, the dairy
and all utensils.—G. H. Sammis,
Long Island.

Chicago Fighting Impure Milk.

Chicago.—Adulterated milk and
cream are to be confiscated in future at
the receiving depots of all railroads.
The discovery of formaline at the re-
ceiving depots will result in the seizure
of their contents into the nearest gutter.
In order to stop the entrance of
drugged milk and cream into Chicago
Commissioner of Health Reilly has
adopted the plan of testing the milk
as it is unloaded from trains and be-
fore it is distributed to dealers.

The People's Store

GRAND AVE., near Postoffice,
South San Francisco, Cal.

This is the Only Store
in San Mateo County that SELLS

Dry Goods and Fancy Goods;
Boots and Shoes;
Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods;
Crochery and Agate Ware;
Hats and Caps,

AT SAN FRANCISCO PRICES.

Give Us a Call
and be Convinced.

M. F. HEALEY,
Hay, Grain and Feed. †† ††
Wood and Coal. †† †† ††

Lumber Yard

ALL KINDS OF TEAMING.

Grand and San Bruno Aves.,
South San Francisco, Cal.

good
news

We have just received a
large shipment of the famous
Cyrus Noble whiskey.

This brand is the most pop-
ular American whiskey in the
world.

It is a pure, old honest pro-
duct.

It is distilled from selected
grain.

It is a tonic and stimulant
combined.

It is absolutely pure.

E. B. CUNNINGHAM,
Editor and Proprietor.

John Doe has now no legal standing in the courts of Connecticut. It is good to see one immemorial fraud snuffed out.

A man killed himself because he had a headache. What would he have done if he had ever become the central station of a jumping toothache?

A woman has sued her husband for a divorce because he let her fall when she fainted. Doubtless the general allegation was that of non-support.

G. R. Sims says "the future of Great Britain lies in its gradual absorption by the United States." The London Review will throw three styles of fits when it reads that.

Ten thousand women of the highest society in New York are said to smoke cigarettes. At this rate after awhile the upper ten will be synonymous with the number that come in a box.

There is ten times as much goodness in the world as badness. Badness is new and the newspapers print it. Goodness is common and needs no bush. Dishonesty is news. Honesty is common.

The words "hades" and "Gehenna" may replace the word commonly used in the scriptures for their equivalent, but they are too cumbersome and inexpressive ever to find a place in the vocabulary of the mule driver or steamboat mate.

The country is big enough to afford scope for the college man and the self-made man. They should get together in an altruistic spirit and admit that college men are not necessarily mere athletes or dreamers, and that self-made men do not invariably say "I seen it" and "I done it."

A great monument, we hope, will be erected in honor of that author or publisher who will devise ways and means of making only one book grow where two have grown before; who will put into reasonable form the works that, in accordance with an ancient but quite incomprehensible superstition, are always brought out in such shape as to almost prohibit the perusal of them.

In this age of money-making on a colossal scale it is gratifying to find the educational institutions of the United States sharing the prosperity of the nation. They are powerful agencies in shaping the character of the young men to whom will be intrusted the development of the nation's resources and the control of our governmental institutions. American generosity seems to be fully equal to the work of keeping our universities up to the highest standard. In time the United States may lead the world not only, as it now does, in the facilities for elementary education which it provides through the State school systems, but also in the higher education.

The death of Rev. Dr. Joseph Cook recalls to mind the facts of his brilliant history. Twenty-five or thirty years ago he was the man most prominent on the stage as a lecturer, but he was more than that. He was a great orator, a reformer of the best rank and a leader of opinion with countless followers. His oratory was wonderful, with cyclonic force and persuasive influence. His exploits as a traveling lecturer were tremendous. One day he would overpower a Boston audience with his tremendous rhetoric, the next he would astound a Philadelphia audience with the thunder and lightning of his oratorical displays, and the next an audience in some other distant city would sit before him amazed at the wonderful power of his voice, the splendor of his language and the magnetism of his presence. Of course this could not last a great while. He has been an invalid and has lived in obscurity for a number of years. His strenuous life wore him out before his time.

Some surgeons took issue with the physician who at the convention of homeopaths in Milwaukee declared that "few cases of appendicitis required the use of the surgeon's knife to effect a cure." Summed up, however, their remarks served only to emphasize the truth of his contention. He cast no reflections upon surgeons, and he freely admitted that operations were necessary in some cases. In his assertion that they are not necessary in all cases, nor in a majority of cases, he is borne out by the experience of many skillful practitioners everywhere. It is a fact susceptible of proof that physicians are successfully treating appendicitis without surgery, and there is no occasion for a difference of opinion on the subject, except as this circumstance may be denied. Probably all physicians will agree that under certain conditions an operation is necessary. If the trouble can be relieved in any case without surgery the contention of many scientific men who are not impressed by the sensational use of the knife on the slightest provocation must be looked upon as established.

The new census returns show that the rapid growth which characterized English cities in the latter part of the nineteenth century has been checked. The great towns of England have grown until recently almost as fast as those of America. Although the names of most of them were known in the

Middle Ages and of some even in Roman times, they are in most essential respects as new as Boston, if not as Chicago. But during the past ten years the growth of most of them has been very moderate. Liverpool, which had 629,548 inhabitants in 1891, has only 685,276 now. Manchester in 1891, with 565,368 inhabitants, was ahead of Boston and St. Louis; now, with 543,930, it is behind them both. Boston and St. Louis have passed Birmingham as well. Cleveland and Buffalo have distanced Bristol and Bradford. Toledo, which ten years ago was behind Blackburn, Brighton, Preston, Norwich, Birkenhead, Gateshead, Plymouth, Derby, Halifax and Southampton, is now ahead of them all. No doubt, whatever increase there is in the population of England hereafter will go to the cities, as heretofore, but the indications are that this increase will not be great enough to give the cities a very rapid growth. They already include the bulk of English population. They have not grown by their own natural increase, but by draining the country districts. The country districts now have not much left to drain. When England becomes one vast smoky city it will be hard to say how its population is to be maintained.

The end of the redskin, so far as he is officially concerned with the United States Government, is in sight. Within two years the Indians of the Five Civilized Tribes in the Indian Territory will be stripped of their identity as a people, and they will either have to become citizens of the United States or leave it. We have been so busy thinking about the Filipino, the Porto Rican and the Cuban that we have lost sight of what has been termed "the greatest human tragedy of the end of the century." Years ago, when no one ever dreamed that the West was to be populated and become the richest portion of our domain, a treaty was made with the Cherokees, Creeks, Choctaws, Chickasaws and Seminoles by which twenty million acres of land known as Indian Territory were set apart for their reservation, to be theirs so long as an Indian lived. To save the Indians and their invested funds the Government has determined to break this treaty, to abolish their tribal government and councils and divide their lands into small tracts. That the reconstruction of the Indian Territory is absolutely necessary to save the Indian lands from the rapacity of the whites and half-breeds is the belief of W. R. Draper, who writes of this "greatest of human tragedies" in the Outlook. A few years ago Congress found by extended investigation that the Territory was the harboring place of outlaws; that white men who had married Indian women held thousands of acres of the finest land, while the full-blooded Indian was living back in the woods and barely getting enough to sustain life. The whites and treacherous half-breeds were gradually grabbing all the Territory. Congress therefore decided that it would be better to break faith with them and save them the remnants of their invested funds. The work of winding up the affairs of the Five Tribes is now being carried out by a commission appointed under the Curtis act, which was passed by Congress in June, 1898. Town sites are being laid out, and the Indians are being enrolled for their allotments of land. When these 80,000 Indians receive their deeds in fee simple for their allotments of land there will be opened for settlement what Mr. Draper calls a "veritable paradise for white people." So anxious are the Indians to get rid of the land that many of them sell their "certificates of selection," which become bills of sale to the land. As soon as the work of this commission is completed and the Indians have received their allotments the land will gradually pass into the possession of the all-conquering Anglo-Saxon and the Five Tribes will pass out of existence forever.

Once "King of the Wheat Pit."

There died in San Francisco a few days ago in great obscurity a man whose name was known all over the country in 1887 as the "king of the wheat pit." At the time when William Dresbach came into national prominence General Boulanger was the man of the hour in France, and it was quite generally believed that he was about to overthrow the republic. Such a coup d'etat would have resulted in a war in France, and would have sent the price of foodstuffs soaring. Dresbach started to discount the future and attempted to corner the wheat market of the country. He was at the time the President of the Produce Exchange of San Francisco, and he was backed in his effort by the millions of the Nevada bank, of which J. C. Flood and John W. Mackay, the mining millionaires, were the owners. Under the skillful manipulations of Dresbach the price of wheat went steadily up until on Aug. 2, 1887, it touched \$2.17 1/2 a cental. But the load was too heavy and the same day the bubble burst. Dresbach lost all his own large fortune, James C. Flood was caught for nearly \$6,000,000, and James G. Fair for \$4,000,000. As for Dresbach, he dropped at once into complete obscurity, from which he never emerged. The last fifteen years he has spent as a broker in a small way.



WM. DRESBACH.

When a dressmaker makes a quilt out of silk scraps, the women begin to look at her with suspicion. It isn't wise to speak the truth at all times. Silence is often more satisfactory.

Topics of the Times

Oklahoma means "Red Man's Land," but it is fast coming to be anything but that.

Consolidation has struck the Chicago elevated roads, and they are henceforth to act as one.

Six thousand Mormons are going from United States to Mexico, where they will form colonies.

Hawaii cannot afford to lay cables between all its islands, but will make it up with wireless telegraphy.

Oregon is in imminent danger of being known as the Toad State—on account of the number of hops raised therein.

Governor's Island is to be made the finest military post in United States; at an ultimate cost of a million and a half dollars.

Havana is now said to be healthier than some of our own Southern coast cities—owing to the extra care given it by United States authorities.

Postmasters are agitating for a regulation that shall compel the use of letter-envelopes of uniform size, so they can handle them more conveniently.

Western Florida negroes decline to favor the annexation of their part of the State to Alabama, because they have heard that the climate of the latter is unhealthy.

Newfoundland is the largest lobster-hatching country in the world. Floating incubators, which can be used in the neighborhood of any canning establishment, are used.

While you are elbowing your way among the crowds that rush to buy at a popular store, reflect that half of them may be "dummies," hired by the employers to swell the rush; and that the goods they order are never delivered.

If a meteorite falls on your farm, don't leave it lying around where anybody that likes can get it. Collectors of these little messengers from the stars are paying such prices for them that they will soon be worth their weight in gold.

In some of our States laws have been enacted, and in several they are being advocated, to prevent marriages between the physically unfit—persons tainted with inherited insanity or other maladies that are transmitted from one generation to another.

Plans have been drawn for a tower twice as high as the Eiffel, to commemorate the consolidation of Greater New York. It (the picture) is twelve-sided, and has electric cars running spirally around it. Whether it ever gets any higher than the plan, is a question.

An interesting sight in London is a flying machine, which the builders are confident will be very successful. It looks much like Zeppelin's airship, and was designed by a Spanish youth mainly as an engine of war. It is intended to rise to a great height and drop explosives.

A Tall Man's Club has been organized in the University of Pennsylvania. It has twelve members, each of whom is 6 ft 2 inches or more in height. Six other men, termed "shorties" because they are only 5 feet 1 inch in height, are associate members. The names of the officers are the Moon-Hitter, the Sky-Scraper, and the Ceiling-Duster.

The Kansas City Journal says that the name of the postoffice Half Rock, in Missouri, is not to be accounted for by any peculiarity of the physical features of that place, as might be supposed. It seems that one of the first buildings erected there was a general store, the proprietor of which sold such bad sugar that his customers declared it to be "half rock." The term was in course of time applied to the store itself, and subsequently to the postoffice established at the place.

AN ACCOMMODATING VINE.

Nothing Prettier than Old-Fashioned Cypress.

The girl from school came home the 21st of June to spend her annual vacation. The mother had been ill and the care of the flower garden had fallen upon others. The chore boy had kept the lawn mower going until the lawn seemed covered with a robe of velvet green. He had kept the weeds out of the flower beds also, and the display of showy bedding plants, lilies and ever-blooming roses made the premises fair and bright. Yet there was something lacking.

"Mother," said the girl from school, "the yard has all of its good looks yet, but the house is changed. Only by the dining room, where the clematis and passion vines are in all their old profusion, does our house look like home. Everywhere else it is as bald and bare as a barn. When you used to train vines over the windows and porches it seemed so cosy and comfortable. Can't I train some vines over them yet? Or is the end of June too late to think of such a thing?"

"It is late," answered the mother, "but not hopelessly so. There is nothing else that can compete in quick growth with a vine, if plenty of string is allowed it, and it is trained every day. There are plenty of self-sowing cypress vines just coming up. By the south bay window, just where you want them most, are three or four plants already beginning to trail on the ground. They will grow three times as fast if you will lift them up and provide them with something on which to climb. See what you can do with the cypress."

The daughter at once set to work. Cords were stretched to window casements, to the bay window roof and

along the ends and sides of the west veranda. There were a few cypress vines already where they were needed, though the most forward one was less than two feet in length. But there were plenty of young seedlings not far away, and these were carefully lifted with the earth intact about their roots and set thickly wherever they were wanted.

The ground where these vines were planted was rich, mellow and deep. Rains fortunately were frequent, and those vines grew with a rapidity that reminded their watchers of the story of Jack and his beanstalk. The girl from school did not tolerate a lagging, slow-growing vine. They were crossed, interlaced and fastened up—a course that but stimulated their desire to grow. It was her theory that when allowed to twine in tight little rings, around and around, this acted as a ligature, stopping sap circulation and growth of vine. By the 1st of August, or a scant six weeks from her taking the vines in hand, they were to the top of the bay window, and festooning the south doorway, while all the veranda was in the grateful shade of a thick curtain of living green.

And what a lovely, fringing, billowy mass of green it was! The rank, luxuriant growth produced a rich, dark green most lovely to everyone in whom the sense of color was developed. The girl from school declared it perfect without a single blossom. Nevertheless, when the blossoms came she had to modify this speech, for they made it prettier than before. There were myriads of the tiny, star-like, velvety flowers, some white and some scarlet, standing out in vivid relief against their dark foliage. All day long the bright flowers nodded in beauty, and though they lasted but one day, the morrow brought as many more to take their place. The bay window and the veranda were bowers of loveliness. No rare exotic could have been finer or more picturesque. And not one vine in twenty would as quickly have transformed the barrenness into verdure-clad completeness.

Moral—If you want a get-there-quick vine; if you want a graceful vine; if you admire dainty and fern-like foliage; if you like pretty and bright flowers, lots of them, and long continued; and if you wish all these good qualities combined in one, grow plenty of man's sociable little friend, the cypress vine.—Washington Star.

Letters of Introduction.

"I disapprove of letters of introduction," said an elderly New Orleans business man, according to the New Orleans Times-Democrat. "I won't give one under any circumstances, but I must confess that I stopped writing them on account of a little accident that had nothing to do with the proprieties of the case."

"A certain friend asked me to give a letter to a young Englishman, introducing him to a former business partner of mine now living in Louisville."

"I didn't want to do it, but I lacked the moral courage to refuse; so I wrote two letters, one the introduction requested, the other a brief note to the Louisville man, explaining the circumstances, and saying that I didn't really know whether the Englishman was a gentleman or a horse-thief."

"Two days later I got a telegram from my old partner, saying that he had received a letter of introduction by mail, and was at a loss to know what to make of it. You see I had put the two letters into the wrong envelopes, and had given the Englishman the private note of repudiation."

"I suppose he read it, of course," remarked some one in the group of listeners."

"That's just what has been troubling me," replied the merchant. "I don't know whether he did or not. He presented it without turning a hair, and if he knew the contents he certainly made no sign. At least that is the report of my friend, who was so surprised when he ran his eye over the epistle that he nearly fell out of his chair."

"All this happened four years ago, and I haven't written a letter of introduction since."

Very Mysterious.

Mrs. Jessie de Mercado, writing in Harper's Magazine of her experiences in Jamaica, tells the story of two treasures stored away beneath a buggy seat. She lived at Old Harbor, a small place about twenty miles from Kingston.

"One day," she says, "when a visit to my Kingston dressmaker was a necessity, I ordered a young negro boy to get upon the rumble and drive me to the town."

"I paid my visit to the dressmaker, received my frock—a light summer thing—and placed it in the box beneath the buggy seat. Then I drove to my sister's, where I went in to escape the heated part of the day, giving my boy sixpence and telling him to see the sights and return at 4 o'clock."

"He turned up punctually, with the gown still in its place, and in due time we reached Old Harbor once more. When I went to take out my crisp muslin, I found to my consternation that it was a wet, soppy mass. No rain had fallen, and I turned to the boy, asking: 'What in the world—does this mean? How?'"

"But the look of helpless amazement on his face stopped me."

"'Lor, missis, it am queer,' he exclaimed, 'but not so queer as what done happen to me! Me bought a quattrin (three cents) worth of dat pretty ting dey calls ice, to bring home to show to my sister, and I put him in dar wid your dress to keep him safe—and now him gone for true, and how him get out I dunno, wid you sittin' on him all de time.'"

A sober second thought is better than a drunken first one.

DOINGS OF WOMEN

AS NEAT AS A MAN.

NOT all girls can be beautiful, but every girl can be radiantly and exquisitely clean. This means, first, absolute bodily cleanliness, only possible with a daily bath, frequent washings of the hair, constant care of the nails and teeth, and after that, clean, carefully brushed and often renewed clothing. A pitfall of the moment to careless girls is found in the little neckbands now enjoying wide vogue. They developed to protect delicate ribbons and chiffons from too soon soiling. It seems likely that something will have to be devised to protect these, in turn, from too long wearing. Ruffled ties, vest fronts, bodices and finery of any sort are an abomination, and should not be permitted in these days of easy renovation or replacement.

Girls may well take a lesson in this regard from the other sex. "As neat as a man" is a frequently heard expression, and woman should blush to admit that a man's reading of neatness should be finer than hers. Yet a few hours is the accepted masculine wear of a shirt and collar, and his clothing is so constantly brushed and sponged and pressed that at every street corner almost there are enterers to this trade, says Harper's Bazar. The habits of neatness should extend to the care of belongings as well as to their wear. Articles that are carefully put away in protecting receptacles after any removable dust is brushed or shaken off not only last much longer, but at all times make a much fresher appearance.

Capable Indian Girl.

Rose Duvernay is a Petoskey, Mich., girl, who, though but 21 years of age, has already made a creditable record for herself and is a shining example of the capacity of the native American to succeed in the higher walks of life.



ROSE DUVERNAY.

Ten years ago, she was a bright little Indian maiden, her father being John Duvernay, a local Indian politician and land looker. She attended the Catholic convent school at Harbor Springs for a few years, and then entered the Petoskey public schools, spending a few months in the high school. From here she was sent to the Indian school at Carlisle, Pa., where she graduated at the age of 19, at the head of her class. She purposed devoting her life to the work of teaching and had so distinguished herself by her abilities that she was almost immediately given an appointment as a government teacher in the Indian school at Hookasha, I. T., and a little later was transferred to a more important post at Las Vegas, N. M.

Change in Housekeeping Methods.

A radical change in housekeeping methods is inevitable. In that change will come the sure remedy for the phase of industrial discontent that we as housekeepers confront in kitchens. The relations between mistress and maid will yet be wisely adjusted; there will be fuller recognition by each of the rights and duties of each. Reciprocity will be strictly maintained, and domestic service given its rightful and honored place among leading industries. Then housework will attract, and not as now, repel, capable, intelligent women, without whose faithful service an ideal home life may not be preserved. How to secure the services of such a woman is a question of more importance than any absorbing the women's clubs at present. How to manage the typical incompetent housemaid, how to train her into comparative adequacy for the place that she will fill no longer than it takes to find something else (almost anything else) to do, how to train housekeepers, etc.—why not suspend the trite discussion for a while and take up something like this: Is it not imperative that housekeepers unite in making domestic service more attractive to capable and intelligent women?—Woman's Home Companion.

Woman Landscape Gardener.

Mrs. Annette E. McCrea has been doing good work as the landscape gardener of Lincoln Park, Chicago. She knows all the prominent nurseries in the country, and where to buy cheapest. Her work has been praised in magazine articles in this country and abroad. Her salary is \$1,200 a year.



MRS. M'CREA.

The Attractive Woman.

One type of woman there is who involuntarily creates high aspirations, inspires hope in the hearts of the hopeless, and revivifies by the touch of her presence, says Landon Knight in the Woman's Home Companion. Her coming sows sunbeams in the warp of life's fabric; with her departure the night comes on. Her mission is inspiration. Had Sisyphus met her she would have inspired him with high hopes of becoming a respectable stone mason. The

other type is only a little less charming, and maybe is even more helpful. This is the woman whose very presence stills all protests against existing conditions, who brings peace and contentment, who smooths out the wrinkles in life's ugly places. She is an optimist by nature. By the light of her own life she plucks from ugly recesses that which is fair and beautiful, and by precept and example instills the sweet honey of optimism into other lives. She is God's own anodyne which soothes with peace and rest the aching brow of the world.



A smart bolero accompanies most of the new skirts, and they are especially popular in the lovely materials of fine wool or silk and wool which have been introduced this season. The short, square bolero, corded all over, or tucked in groups, is perhaps, the most popular style.

Taffeta silk still retains its hold on the feminine public. Gowns of it are just as fashionable now as they were two years ago. It is said, by the way, that the quality has vastly improved under the compulsion, probably, of an almost universal popularity. There is no prettier wrap than the little taffeta bolero or Eton, all corded or tucked. Very tiny girls' box coats, too, of taffeta with large linen collars and possibly the cretonne trimming are dainty and fashionable.

One of the newest combinations is white, gray and black. A model of soft gray silk has a skirt with a shaped flounce, on which are mounted little ruffles of white mousseline de sole, each ruffle headed and edged with a line of black velvet. On the bodice the silk is tucked up and down with several rows of white ruffles, and the black velvet is arranged bolero fashion under the arms. The sleeves are long and close, with several rows of ruffles at the elbow. A girde, collar and small cuffs are made of embroidery. The belt is of black satin, finished with an old silver buckle set with emeralds.

Modern Wall Papers.

A flowered paper should never cover the walls of a room where many pictures are to be hung, nor should it be used in a long, narrow room unless it is relieved by a dark dado. These papers belong for the most part to bedrooms, where few pictures will go on the walls, and where the wall coverings are desired to contribute a furnished effect without taking up room space. In choosing these papers it is necessary to exercise great care, as patterns that seem exquisite in themselves are often unsatisfactory when transferred to the walls of the rooms for which they may be intended. At many decorators nowadays, model rooms hung with papers of varied styles are to be seen. An inspection of them will soon show the effect produced by the different patterns.

Wedding Anniversaries.

First year—paper wedding.
Second year—cotton wedding.
Third year—leather wedding.
Fourth year—wooden wedding.
Fifth year—woolen wedding.
Sixth year—woolen wedding.
Seventh year—woolen wedding.
Eighth year—tin wedding.
Ninth year—silk and fine linen.
Tenth year—crystal wedding.
Eleventh year—china wedding.
Twelfth year—silver wedding.
Thirteenth year—pearl wedding.
Fourteenth year—ruby wedding.
Fifteenth year—diamond wedding.
Sixteenth year—diamond wedding.

Care of Palms.

In the house palms can stand where they will receive a fair amount of light, but they do not need the direct sunshine, says Vick. When watering, give enough to wet the ball of soil all through, and then wait until there is an indication of dryness before supplying water again. Wash or sponge the foliage frequently and keep it free from scale insects. If any scales are present, they can be destroyed with a brush dipped in alcohol, and then they may be wiped or brushed off. Palms are not troublesome to care for.

One Way to Carry a Watch.

The entirely up-to-date girl now wears her watch dropped inside her collar, with a chain five or six inches long hanging outside. This is to keep the time piece within easy access, as without such precaution it would be likely to slip out of reach. The chain is finished by an ornament or seal, the older the better. A curious pendant is a miniature sarcophagus that holds a tiny vinaigrette or puff.

A HAVEN.

Ships are anchored, sails are furled,
Shore-lights in the dusk appear;
Faint, and far away, we hear
Roaring sea-ways of the world.
In the haven's sheltered walls
Soft the starry silence falls!
Winds that drove us through the deep
Touch us now as soft as sleep:
Waves that snote before are now
Rippled whispers at the bow.
Dim lights glimmer on the ships,
Shadowy figures cross the decks,
Golden flashing phosphor-specks
Sparkle where an oar-blade dips.
Large, above the steady spars,
Shine the radiant southern stars;
Falls, from crystal heights of air,
Sound of wings that seaward fare;
Inland, still and dark and lone,
Night enfolds a land unknown.
Weary wanderers may stay
Here awhile the unknown quest,
Seekers of the far-away
Here a little while may rest.
—Sidney Royce Lyssaght, in "Poems of the Unknown Way."

HORROR OF THREE SANDALS.

THE old sluggish monster of revolution, long since drugged to sleep, some think to death, yet sometimes stirs. Its movements are dream-movements, its snake-like convulsions are harmless. It is merely the habit of the dead past, when Diaz was not yet Power, which causes the beast to heave its lethargic sighs and open up, from time to time, a red orb devoid of meaning.

Up over the Cuernavaca railroad comes now the military detachment lately sent into Guerrero. The little company eats dinner by the Cuernavaca station. Five lank soldiers in sandals sit at a distance on the ground; and, whereas all the others are gay, these five sit depressed with gloom, recalling a strange thing.

The heart of Guerrero, state of golden miracles, is not yet opened to the world. Mountains and mysteries shut it away from modern life. Away down south, two hundred miles from the railroad, is the town of Three Sandals. Into it came, five years ago, an American named Stirge. He bought a mine and worked it all alone, and they said he stacked up gold in an adobe house as high as the roof. He was tall, with silken beard, feline grace, mild, deep, unreal eyes. Gold turned his head; gold made his house an empire. Three Sandals the center of the universe. He dreamed of severing this southern land from Mexico, and insane ideas of a monarchy came to him.

The chief of police was fat and flabby, and often full of pulque. He lived in a large house on the plaza by the palms. His sister was a beauty, aged 19, named Otilia.

"Otilia, I call you a failure," complained the chief, drinking three quarts of pulque in the patio, while she lounged languid under those enormous yellow flowers called "cups-of-gold." "Manjarrez killed himself for you. Elias slew Negrete for you. Otilia, you robbed the hacienda to buy you a ruby, and was shot. The governor at Chilpancingo made a fool of himself for you. Bah! what good is all this if you cannot find out the revolutionary schemes of that cursed American, and save my reputation. I want to kill him, and alas!"—with a comic shrug, spilling pulque—"there is no way."

"Hang him by his sweet, soft beard, Pepe, my love," said she, with a smile. "But—the shadow of an excuse! I know he plots, but never a finger can I lay on him. Make him fall in love with you, witch; worm it out of him. Our reputation is at stake."

She dreamed, lying there graceful, beautiful, mischief in her languid eye. "I will," she said, and plucked a cup-of-gold, and buried her flushed face therein.

She was shrewd. She was not of the dashing type. She was leisurely reserved. She had watched Stirge for months. She knew him slightly; she had smiled at him. Into her deep thinking came the knowledge that there was something of the mystic in his nature, that mystery might win him where other means would fail.

Every evening at 6 she wrapped herself in a black rebozo so that eyes glowing and portions of a face artificially pale were seen beneath lustrous hair. Then, solemn, sad, a moving statue, she walked to and fro, to and fro, before the American's house. When he stood in the door stroking his silken beard and gazed on her, she nodded slowly, as though unseeing, and sighed a heavy sigh. At dusk, having walked to and fro for an hour, she sighed more heavily still and went away.

After one week of this mystery, the form of Otilia began to haunt him. She was very beautiful, said he. There were lurking in her eyes vast dreams, restlessness, towering ambitions—ah! like his own, like his own. He tossed in the night, somehow drawn to her. After all, was it good to be lonely? With such a mate to what grand heights might any man not soar! So, from seeing her by chance, he came to watch for her, and when she passed his hand was frozen on his beard, or burned with fire that ran in all his blood. Meanwhile a plan to overthrow the town's authorities, to gather men, to march on Chilpancingo, took form. Two officers nearest the person of the chief were Stirge's fellow-plotters.

On the eighth evening of this moving to and fro, wrapped in mystery, she let her rebozo wave a little wider open. He was devouring her with his eyes. He was like a god, strong and full of grace. Her sweet lips were pinkish; her neck was white. She sighed, but she looked on him with quick flames

bursting from her eyes. The street was lonely. He stepped out and laid his exceedingly long slim fingers on her arm. She paused, and they gazed at one another.

"Otilia, some dread thing haunts you."

"Yes, señor." Her eyes were down. "Otilia, a great weight is on you. I am one used to speaking out. When God puts fire into a man's heart, the man should never hide it, lest it burn him. Otilia, I seem to see myself in your eyes. Heart of my heart, I love you."

She, exceedingly white, raised her eyes just enough to see his chin; and with a startling mixture of mischief and emotional upheaving, she remembered her words: "Hang him by his sweet, soft beard, Pepe."

He kissed her as the dusk came. She went home, bewildered to find that her eyes seemed blind. When she put her rebozo to them it came away wet. She walked stately, looking at all the low, barred windows. She entered her brother's patio and sat down under the great cups-of-gold. At supper she could not eat. In bed she could not sleep. In the night her little bare feet went softly up and down the room. In the morning she was afraid of herself, something within her heart scared her so.

The love passage thus began, and Otilia, in winning him, had lost herself. Ah, his god-like form, his foreign strength, his whiteness! She loved him. The same old difference between so many loves characterized these. The man's vast schemes were mightier than his love. The woman's love was mightier than all else.

At the edge of the town was a deserted alameda full of mango-trees. Here were aged stone benches seldom used. Here the shade was like dusk at noon, like midnight at dusk. Here they met, evening after evening, she falling panting into his arms, he gazing at her scarcely seen face with hungry eyes.

"You are incarnate truth," he said. Blood flew to her face; her brain seemed drowned. "Yet—I was false."

"What had jest is this?"

She lay trembling. Somehow a fear entered him.

"Speak!" he cried, almost letting her from him.

"I—I plotted against you."

"How—it is a lie?"

"Oh, my soul's soul! I set about to win you, instigated by my brother, that I might learn your plan of revolution, and conquer you and bring you to death. Crush me if you must—thus have I lost myself—thus have you overthrown me!"

He let her fall on the old stone bench. The shade of the mango-trees was deep. He stooped a little way off, tall and still, and looked at her. Just here the revolution came; for gold had made him insane with dreams. His love was second to his plot. Distrust sank deep in him. He felt himself betrayed. Cold drops were on his forehead. He had walked as in a deep gold mist. He gazed on this girl. She was incarnate treason; his love for her was turned to fear.

Wounded, ignoble, but grand with rage, he turned, and she was left alone. After that he smiled at her no more, nor looked at her. He dared not flee; that were confession and meant death. He dared not prolong delay.

She had groped her way home from the mango-grove. Though she was sweet and leisurely and shrewd, she had in her that fuel which, touched with fire, burns on to vengeance. But she was sad; and it seemed some second self mercilessly drove her on to the revenge which her better nature did not want. She wept, and grew thin in three days miraculously. Sometimes she joked with herself even yet, in manner ghastly. "Hang him by his sweet, soft beard," murmured she in bad night-dreams; and she saw his head, in visions, hung thus, horrible.

The first night of their estrangement, the fat, pulque-drinking chief found letters at the home of one of his subordinates. They incriminated the subordinate, who was arrested and put in the little adobe jail across the plaza. The chief strove in vain to find one word of those epistles which might give ground for the arrest of Stirge. But the American's tracks were yet covered. The chief shed maudlin tears of exasperation.

The third night Otilia came knocking at his door at 10 o'clock. She was admitted; the chief sitting in a gown on his bed's edge.

"This subordinate, the arrested one," said she, steady-voiced, "when is he to be shot?"

"At sunrise. I am writing the order for the soldiers who will arrive to-night. Oh, you failure!"

"Come, keep these railings for another. Give me the order, but leave the name a blank."

Her manner was cold, stern, and she was pale and sick.

"Why?" he growled.

She put one hand on the foot-board and leaned close to him. "I may do that which your secret soul longs for," whispered she. "Do I not know that it is his gold that you want? Think! They say it is stacked to the roof."

"But I should be called to account for a baseless execution, you fool!"

"I have a fading ink. I write the name and show it to the captain. He executes the order. The ink fades. You substitute the rightful name, and on the captain lies the blame."

He fell back in bed with a choking noise.

"It's on the table," he said, weakly. She brought him the blank. He filled it out—all save the name. She left him staring stupidly at her, and presently heard him call for three more quarts of pulque.

Otilia was not so villainous as she

seemed. She was tottering. She had scarce an idea that she should execute so dreadful a plan. It was the warring between those two differing selves of hers that drove her on to make these preparations. In these ugly hours, too, was the playfulness yet alive in her. She thought that to threaten him, in play, with this ghastly thing would be sweet mischief's way to win him back. If he would but smile at her once more! And deep in her the other self said: "Kill!"

She could not rest. She wrapped herself in her black rebozo and went out. She walked by the jail and paused and scanned it. The plaza was dark and the palms rustled. She went down a street and sadly walked to and fro before the American's house, recalling the day he kissed her as the dusk came. At times he raved in her. Memory drew her at length to the alameda, and beyond it. Under these trees had she rested in her arms. Beyond, where the fields were rocky—yonder in that lonely spot beside the gorge—was the tall iron post to which criminals were chained to be shot. Out of the mango-grove, out of the days of love, she might lead him here to this iron post—and her fingers held the paper of death. The night was very black. She shuddered.

Suddenly she heard a crying out. Women and men were shouting back there by the town. She walked in that direction. The shouting was increased, and there was a scurrying about near two thatched huts.

"The ants! The warrior ants!" was the shout.

She came nearer to a hut. Men in sandals went leaping with torches. There was a strange crackling in the thatches. Behold! the ground was black with marching millions. Scorpions, lizards, spiders, ran terror-stricken from that army. The thatches were being pierced by thousands of unseen marauders. Human beings, seizing all things of value, fled crying into the night.

These ants march in terrible battalions. There is no way known to man to stop them. They have their officers. They select a goal. On they come, and all things flee before. A house is overrun. Every living thing, or piece of food, vanishes. All other insects are devoured. Men must absent themselves till the ants depart. Returning, all is bare. The army has conquered, devastated, passed on.

Fascinated, she stood with some sandaled laborers, who, on the outskirts of this scene of ruin, watched it by torchlight.

"Where will they go next?" cried one. "Yonder, yonder, in this direction. See! The vanguard is already advancing thither!"

She beheld the leading battalion forming in fours, and heading away across the barren field. She looked up. A strange chill ran over her. That iron post, yonder by the gorge, stood in their track.

At midnight she passed Stirge's house, and he was going in. His door was open and a faint light shone on him. She paused, where he saw her. She looked at him, with her soul in her eyes, and he spurned her. Her bad self flamed up. She ran away, wild with hate. She stood a moment under the palms, and there a diabolic purpose came to her.

It had long been a custom in this district to lead the culprit out very early in the morning. Chained in darkness to the post, he was confronted by a priest. The black hours dragged on, giving the criminal the most solemn reason for repentance. Five soldiers and an officer were stationed near. When dawn came, and they could clearly see, they fired.

At 11 o'clock a detachment of soldiers had arrived. About 1, Otilia came to the door of the decrepit barracks. The captain had orders to obey the chief of police. She came to him and said: "My brother is ill. His servants are sitting with him. So he sent me with this order."

She disappeared. The captain read the command for the immediate execution of one Stirge, American.

A little later the unfortunate Anglo-Saxon schemer was seized in bed. They put on him clothes somewhat similar to those worn by runners in athletic contests, so that he was nearly naked. In the night they led him out and on through the black mango-grove. In that stony field by the gorge they chained him to a post. A priest came, was received with haughty contempt, and went away. Well for the soldiers that they stood ten yards to the gorge's left. Thus did the flank of that black unseen army pass them by unharmed.

Silence, darkness, weird waiting for the dawn. The gold-maddened dreamer was a stoic. He was as iron as the post and chain. Out of the night shadows a ghost-voice called from yonder in the rocks:

"I can free you. I can yet free you. Tell me once more you love me, and life is yours."

He did not answer. The soldiers believed her crazy, or thought that St. Mary had come down.

"It is I who brought you here. Give me your heart, and it is I who shall take you away."

The night was yet black. He did not answer. What stoic, beyond man's dreams of stoicism, was that man of Anglo-Saxon blood! Ay, Indians can endure. Savages can suffer and emit no sound! But of all God's creatures there is none so strong as the American steeled to bear.

There was wild war in her. She had meant to torment him. She had not meant that he be shot. She could never consent to kill, her better self was too timid. But his spurning had crazed her. At dawn, she thought, sinking down on the rocks, she would confess the substituted name, release him. But the second self joyed in torture.

The dawn came. Yes, the chained man's face began to show a little white, out of the shadow. The captain formed his five men and bade them be ready. So, the day thus slowly coming, they stood waiting till they could see; and he stood yonder, his arms chained high up on the post.

The minutes went by. The scene was wild and rocky. The east began to faintly glow. Strange—strange. As he appeared yet a little clearer—how still he stood—how white. Merciful hand of Mary! is that hanging creature there a human being?

"Aim!" commanded the captain.

The guns were raised.

"A minute more and it will be light enough to see."

They waited. The light came rapidly. Behold! Suddenly the culprit seemed to start fully from the shadows. A second more and they would fire.

The guns fell. The men staggered. Horror chilled them. The face that looked on them was the face of a skull. The body that hung there by the chain was a clean, white skeleton. So terrible is the devastation of the warrior ant. So perfect is the labor of millions.

Stumbling away, they found Otilia swooning on the rocks.—San Francisco Argonaut.

DISASTROUS FIRES IN MINES.

Great Wealth of Anthracite Destroyed in Mammoth Vein.

The announcement from Tamaqua, Pa., that the fire in the Mammoth vein, started in the winter of 1860-61 in a colliery within the limits of the town, has been at last cut off in one direction, and has burned down to the water level on the other, where the vein strikes the Schuylkill, brings to mind how great has been the destruction by underground fires of the unmined wealth of coal in the anthracite region of Pennsylvania.

Considering the narrow limits of territory in which the anthracite veins lie, the loss of irreplaceable natural treasure there has been as great, comparatively, as that wrought by fire in the forests of this country. The great 14-foot vein in which this Tamaqua fire has for forty years swept on a steady path of ruin is that in which the finest grade of anthracite is always found. For a space of more than a mile in length every atom of that coal has been reduced to ashes in this single fire.

There have unfortunately been many other similar fires. Three of the most ruinous besides this have been the famous Summit Hill burning mine on the mountain between Mauch Chunk and Tamaqua, the Empire mine fire at Wilkesbarre, the Butler mine fire at Pittston. All three fires were in collieries where the vein lay high on the mountain side, with populous towns in the valleys below, thus making them more difficult to combat. Both the Empire and the Butler mine communicated so closely with other underground workings that it was an imperative necessity to find a method to cut them off, as it eventually became compulsory in regard to the Tamaqua fire, now under control.

The Summit Hill burning mine, for more than thirty years pointed out to the thousands of tourists who stopped at Mauch Chunk for a ride over the famed switchback, was left to burn itself out. The earth's surface gradually sank in above it, leaving the whole space a picture of desolation.

Work by Daylight.

Although many writers do their literary work at night, it is wiser to write only in the daytime. The night worker generally wants a stimulant, and becomes addicted to strong coffee or worse.

That kind of regimen exhausts physical powers, and is inclined to seriously affect mental ones. The greater flow of blood to the brain of nights is apt to bring about exaggerations. Day workers are sometimes forced to write far into the night. Next day, looking over their nocturnal productions, they are unpleasantly surprised with the general wild character of their copy.

Wilkie Collins, as may readily be believed from the character of some of his books, was a "habitual and abandoned night worker," who stopped only when, during the small hours of the night, another Wilkie Collins appeared before him. If we remember the story rightly, the second Wilkie Collins sat at the same table with him and tried to monopolize the writing pad. Then there was a struggle, and the inkstand was upset; anyhow, when the true Wilkie awoke, the inkstand had been upset and the ink was running over the writing table. After that Wilkie Collins gave up writing of nights. An authoress once told Huxley that when she sat up at night her prevailing fear was of burglary. Huxley replied, "When I am working at night I not only hear burglars moving about, but I actually see them looking at me through the crack of the door."

Inhabitants of Mars.

"As for me," says M. Flammarion, speaking of the inhabitants of Mars in the National Magazine, "I rather envy them. A world where it is always beautiful, where there are neither tempests nor cyclones, where the years are twice as long as ours, where the kilogram is of 376 grams, and where, therefore, men and women who here weigh seventy kilos there weigh only twenty-six, and where, in a word, everything is lighter, more delicate and more refined." And in another place he goes further, pointing out that if the Martians wishing to communicate with us they would doubtless have made the effort many times in the past and probably long ago abandoned it, deciding it a hopeless business to attempt communication with a planet so stupid.

The best thing to do in a hurry is nothing.

PRESIDENT EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.



William Miller Beardshear, elected President of the National Educational Association, is President of the Iowa State College of Agriculture at Ames, Iowa. He was president of the Western College of Toledo, Iowa, from 1881 to 1889 and was superintendent of the Des Moines city schools from 1889 to 1891 and president of the Iowa State Teachers' Association in 1894. He was United States Indian Commissioner in 1897-98. Mr. Beardshear has been president of the Iowa State Agricultural College at Ames since 1891. He was born at Dayton, Ohio, and was educated at Oberlin and at Yale.

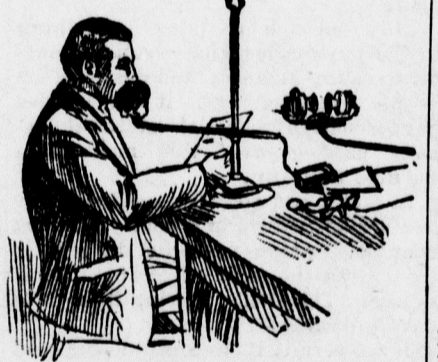
WORLD'S QUEEREST NEWSPAPER.

The Telephone Journal of Budapest, and How It Is Worked.

Budapest has the most singular newspaper in the world. It is called the "Telefon-Hismond," or "Telephone News."

For eight years this venture has been in working order, and it is a great financial success. There are 6,200 subscribers, who at regular stated intervals receive the news of the day, "hot" from all over the world, while sitting comfortably at home. The subscribers take up at a certain time of day their telephone receivers and listen to the news which is spoken to them all simultaneously by a "teller" in the newspaper office. Advertisements are heard in the same way. You cannot skip the advertisements in the telephone newspaper, for they are artfully sandwiched by the teller between exciting pieces of news, and you are bound to listen for fear of missing anything.

One editor, four assistant editors, nine reporters, and a number of "tellers" compose the staff of the paper. News is collected in the usual way, and is written out by the reporters, passed by the assistant editors, and finally initialed by the editor. Then it is handed in to the "teller," who speaks it over the wires. There are two Sunday



THE TELEPHONE NEWSPAPER.

"issues," as well as many "editions" during the secular days of the week.

Aggrieved subscribers dissatisfied with the editorial policy of the paper sometimes wish to stop their connection with it, but this is not done easily. In the first place, instruments have been installed in the house, and security given for a year's subscription, and some time must elapse before the receivers can be removed. The subscriber may decline to listen to the news, but the maddening bell will nevertheless continue to ring him up at the customary intervals.

The penny-in-the-slot system is being tried in connection with the newspaper, so that soon anyone in Budapest will be able to have "pennorths" of news doled out to them.

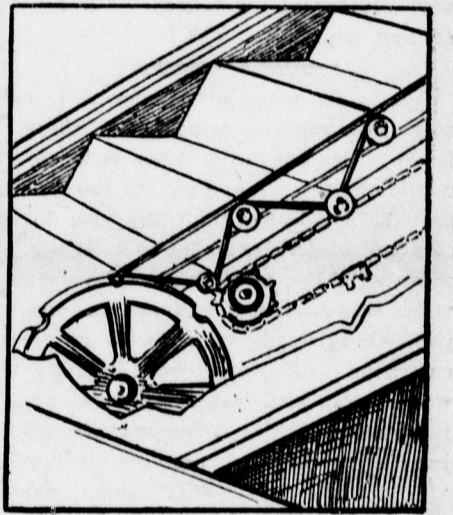
This novel and interesting enterprise was started about eight years ago by Theodore Buschgasch, who had been interested in electricity and had patented some inventions. Mr. Buschgasch died March 16, 1893, and the present efficiency of the paper in all that pertains to its technique is largely due to Mr. Emil von Szvetics, who is known on the staff as technical director. His skill and energy have produced great results. The concern is owned by a stock company with a capital of about £50,000.

At first some difficulty was experienced in hearing the news clearly over the telephone—a difficulty which telephone subscribers in other countries experience in ordinary conversation—but a simple invention soon disposed of this obstacle.

Stair-Lift for Passengers.

The moving stairway in the Eastern department stores have ceased to be a wonder to the shoppers and have proved themselves a great convenience and necessity, being always ready to

carry passengers without the necessity of waiting for a return trip as in the case of the ordinary elevator. Now comes James M. Dodge of Philadelphia with an improvement on the original moving stairway, with its low trends, the new arrangement taking



ENDLESS STAIRWAY FOR STORE USE.

the form of stairs which are made to rise on the endless chain conveyor. These stairs afford a firm foothold on which the passengers can stand until they reach the upper level. A glance at the picture will show the plan on which the apparatus works, the trends forming automatically at the bottom of the lift by causing the supporting bars to pass into alternate upper and lower slots or guideways, thus bending the conveyor out of a straight line to form the trends and risers. Of course, the moving handrail is also provided to aid the passengers in maintaining their balance.

Photography to the Front.

A well-known photographer recently had his house overhauled. A new skylight was added and alterations were made in the roof.

The men took their time and did not overwork themselves, but this did not prevent the builder from presenting a very long bill.

When the owner of the house expostulated it was explained to him that the men had to be paid for their time, and they had spent several days on the job.

"No wonder," said the photographer; and then he produced a number of snap-shot photographs representing the men on the roof of his house as taken from the attic window of an adjoining building. Some were sitting smoking, some were reading newspapers, and others were lying on their backs.

"Why," said the astonished builder, "these are my men!"

"Exactly so," replied the photographer, "and they are earning my money."

Herbert Spencer.

Herbert Spencer makes the following interesting statement in a letter to the London Times: "During the first twelve years of my literary life every one of my books failed to pay for its paper, print and advertisements, and for many years after failed to pay my small living expenses—every one of them made me the poorer. Nevertheless, the forty millions of people constituting the nation demanded of the impoverished brain-worker five gratis copies of each. There is only one simile occurring to me which at all represents the fact, and that is but a feeble way—Dives asking alms of Lazarus!"

Memorial of King Alfred.

The colossal memorial of King Alfred the Great, now in course of preparation, which is to be erected in Winchester, England, will probably be one of the most remarkable pieces of sculpture in the kingdom.

THE ENTERPRISE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
E. E. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Prop.

Entered at the Postoffice at South San Francisco, Cal., as second class matter, December 19th, 1893.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
One Year, in advance, \$1.50
Six Months, " " 1.00
Three Months, " " .50

Advertising rates furnished on application.

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SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
BRANCH OFFICE, 202 Sansome St., San Francisco, Room 4, third floor.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1901.

The fact that peace reigns in this town whilst industrial disturbance and distress rages all around reflects the highest credit alike upon employers and employees.

The big robbery of \$275,000 in gold bullion from the safe vault at the Selby Smelting works is proof that the vigilance of the Selby managers was not equal to the ingenuity of the crooks who got away with the booty.

The Coast-Advocate and Peninsula Pennant have been consolidated under the able management of Roma T. and F. L. Jackson. The Coast and Peninsula are now in conjunction and the result we predict, will be a live paper, and lively times inland and all along shore.

About fifty per cent of all the dwelling houses here are owned by working men. This is a good showing, but can be improved upon. This is a workman's town, and there is no good reason why workingmen should not own a large majority of its dwelling houses. Such ownership must result alike in benefit to employers and employed.

Among the many advantages of this town, as a manufacturing center, there is one which has not received sufficient consideration. We refer to the fact that the founders of the town have not only provided sites for factories at this place with the advantages of a deep water ship canal and wharves, an independent railroad system with ample switching facilities for every industry; water works with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, but they have also provided land which workingmen may secure at reasonable prices and on favorable terms as homes for themselves and their families. The wisdom of this policy has been amply demonstrated in the growth of the town and by the conditions resulting in a measure at least from such a policy.

We find in running over the list of dwelling houses in the town that about fifty per cent of all dwellings here belong to workingmen. This means permanency of those employed. It means that we have the very highest grade and best class of wage earners here. This results in advantage not alone to the workingmen but to their employers as well. This fact is a strong inducement when known and understood to the investment of capital in industrial enterprises at this place. A fact which should receive much more prominence and attention than has been given it.

GLOBE SIGHTS.

All people in love are conceited.
A forced laugh is a lie without speaking.

Even a pleasing smile gets to be an old story.

Ever remark how little attention people pay to your opinions?

How we all hate to listen to the person who talks "like a book!"

Some people are fools, and they can't help it. Don't argue with them.

You must put a man in harness to get his gait. Pedigree doesn't go.

Do you carry what is known as "individuality" so far that you are a nuisance to your friends?

Today hasn't been so bad, has it? Well, today was once a part of the future that you worried about.—Aitchison Globe.

Novel Ammunition.

During the sieges of medieval times it was very common for the beleaguers to throw from their catapults and other military engines dead bodies of dogs, swine, together with pieces of horse-flesh and similar carrion into the city or castle besieged in order that the defenders might be stung by the stench of this putridity be forced to a surrender.

A Long Wait.

Katrine—I was reading this morning of a man who cooked his own breakfast for 15 years.
Max—He must have been very hungry when he finally got it done.—Bombe.

COUNTY BOARD IN SESSION.

Official Business Transacted by the Supervisors at Monday's Meeting.

The Board of Supervisors met in regular session Monday. All the members were present.

Margareda Conda Amarel, an indigent person of the second township was allowed \$8 per month from the date of her application.

The State Board of Examiners notified the board that the claim of the county for \$224 for support of orphans and half orphans was allowed for \$165.50.

George C. Ross appeared before the board on behalf of A. Borel, whose petition to close certain streets in the Homestead, near San Mateo, was presented some time ago. He asked to have the matter deferred until Mr. Borel returned from Europe. Mr. Starcken and James Burke, property owners in the Homestead, protested against a postponement. After much discussion action of the petition was deferred until the first meeting in October.

The application of W. J. Daley for a commutation of his sentence came up for action. The Sheriff held that there was no law to warrant a reduction of his time. The District Attorney was of the same opinion and on motion the prayer of the petitioner was denied.

The ordinance regulating the speed of the automobile in the county was read. At the request of Mr. Dimond, who represents the Automobile Club in San Francisco, the adoption of the ordinance was deferred until August 19th.

Bids for the construction of an addition to the county hospital were opened as follows: George W. Winter, \$1,959; Walter Anderson, \$1,737.50. On motion of Eikerenkotter Mr. Anderson was awarded the contract.

The Clerk was instructed to notify the parties dumping garbage in the first township to desist or they would be held amenable to the law.

Charles Ackerstrom of the third township applied to the board for aid. On motion he was allowed \$8 per month from August 1st.

County Surveyor W. R. Gilbert presented plans and specifications for repairing a portion of the county road near San Mateo, estimating the work would amount to \$400. On motion the plans and specifications were adopted, and the clerk authorized to advertise for bids.

To the Honorable Board of Supervisors—Gentlemen: The public health of our county is fairly good. On Thursday, August 1st Dr. Buck reported to me three cases of smallpox at Portola. I started immediately with him to make an investigation, and found as he had stated three cases of the disease. The cases were mild in form, but typical.

I immediately quarantined the place and forbade any one to leave or visit the premises, but found it necessary on the following day to place a guard over it in order to maintain the quarantine.

During the past month I have suppressed certain nuisances at Colma and San Mateo, which were also dangerous to the public health.

My attention has also been called to another in the northern end of the county near the eight-mile house. I visited the place and found that certain parties living in San Francisco are conveying a large part of the garbage and dumping the same on land lying between the bay shore and the county road.

This garbage contains everything in the way of decaying vegetable matter to cause sickness and death to the people residing near it and is also dangerous to the health of the thousands passing over this much frequented highway.

In fact it has already caused sickness of a serious nature in a family residing near it. Aside from its dangers, it constitutes the most intolerable of nuisances. The stench arising from it is most unbearable.

If we permit it to continue the road will soon be practically abandoned by all who drive for pleasure over this otherwise delightful highway. I am unable to see what right San Francisco has to dump its garbage upon San Mateo county.

It is an evil that should be suppressed at once, but on account of the numbers engaged in it and the capital back of them it will require prompt and vigorous action upon our part to suppress it. In the meantime I will be pleased to receive any aid or advice that you may see fit to offer.

Respectfully,
W. M. Barret, M. D.,
Health Officer.

The following liquor dealers whose applications had been on file since July 1st were granted licenses:

First township—H. H. Loomis, South San Francisco; bondsmen, M. F. Healey and J. L. Wood. Mossi & Borla, Colma; bondsmen, John Peters and Jason Wright.

Second township—A. De Roche, Belmont; bondsmen, J. F. Johnston and H. W. Schaberg. J. R. Rand, Byrnes' Store; bondsmen, John Mitvalsky and W. E. Herbst.

Third township—P. Matheison, Woodside; bondsmen, C. D. Hayward and H. F. Butts.

Fifth township—Frank S. Duarte, Pescadero; bondsmen, Thos. Williams and Fred Koster.

The following liquor dealers gave notice of intention to apply for license a month hence.

First township—P. F. Roberts, Millbrae; Frank Pincheon, Colma; Regli & Kaiser, 12-Mile Farm; J. E. Rogers and J. M. Hawes, South San Francisco; M. De Lomas, Millbrae; J. J. Meehan, Emanuel Station; M. & S. Belli, Colma; James Johnson, Millbrae; John Biggio, Colma; George Knoese, South San Francisco.

Second township—A. Rowell, Belmont.

mont.

Third township—A. Neuman, Woodside; W. Maloney, Menlo Park; J. H. O'Keefe, Menlo Park.

Fourth township—T. G. Durham, Lobitos; A. Boitano, Halfmoon Bay; J. V. Azevedo, Halfmoon Bay; Joseph Debenedetti, Halfmoon Bay.

Fifth township—J. W. Packard, San Gregorio; C. Gianola, Pescadero; Palmer & Bell, San Gregorio; Lewis & Marshall, Pescadero.

The following bills were allowed.

FIRST ROAD FUND.	
John F. Baar	294.05
Peter Gillogley	44.09
Edward Sullivan	4.00
Samuel Telephone Co.	21.00
Spring Valley Water Works	107.15
Studebaker Co.	145.00
George Furrier	96.00
E. Smith	8.00
Chas Barbeau	48.00
C. Bronner	116.00
W. F. Holey	116.00
M. F. James Kerr	16.00
J. F. Kerr	8.50
M. F. Kerr	106.00
C. D. Hayward	6.00

GENERAL FUND.	
Hyde Constructing Co.	\$8.90
Hyde Constructing Co.	926.00
Sunset Telephone Co.	49.40
Daniel Neville	21.00
W. M. Barret	10.00
S. H. Mansfield	176.45
S. C. Cunningham	11.00
George Barker	16.00
M. Hedge	2.00
Democrat	50.90
B. A. Rankin	142.95
Consolidated Light Power Co.	2.60
James Crowe	23.75
M. F. Holey	2.00
C. D. Hayward	98.20
Levy Bros.	32.75
John Cunah	9.25
Heaney & Jamieson	51.75
Tecoma Mill Co.	100.48
W. F. Holey	10.00
J. L. Ross	10.00
Vin Barret	52.20
W. F. Holey	2.00
W. O. Dodge	2.10
W. McGarvey	128.00

No further business appearing the board adjourned to Monday, August 19th.

PERFUMED CIGARS.

The Ones General Rosecrans Once Offered to a Friend.

One of the stories told by old employees in the treasury department at Washington is of the time when General Rosecrans was register. The general never smoked and knew nothing about cigars. He determined, however, to have a box of good cigars handy for the benefit of friends who might drop into the register's office. The general accordingly purchased a box of expensive cigars, put them in a drawer and forgot all about them for some time. Then, one day, when a friend was calling, the general remembered the cigars and brought them out.

"I know nothing about cigars," said Rosecrans, "but I am told that these are very fine."

His friend lighted a cigar, and a look of pain and horror instantly overspread his face. He tried to conceal his feelings and puffed manfully at the cigar for several seconds. Then Rosecrans, noticing that he was growing pale, asked what was the trouble.

"General," said the visitor, "I don't want to be ungrateful, but I'm afraid it's this cigar."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Rosecrans. "Why, when I bought them I was told that they were the finest cigars on the market."

"Well, general, you were deceived. The cigar tastes and smells exactly as if it were made of camphor."

"Camphor?" stammered Rosecrans, looking chafffallen. "Why, I never thought, but perhaps camphor does injure a cigar." And, reaching into the drawer, he brought to view several garments filled with camphor balls. "Do you suppose that can be the trouble?" he inquired.

SOME WISE DON'T'S.

Don't confound hauteur with dignity or repose with stupidity.

Don't "howl," "roar" or "explode." To laugh heartily is better.

Don't pose. Affectation is a bar to respect, let alone confidence.

Don't groan over the wickedness of the world, but mend your own.

Don't boast. The illiterate and the self-conscious are thus made manifest.

Don't use superlatives. Few things require them, and they weaken description.

Don't preach unless you have practiced. Deeds are tremendously convincing.

Don't think a foreigner can comprehend you any better if you shout into his ear.

Don't forget that politeness is the foster sister of diplomacy and an essential tact.

Don't appraise a book at another's valuation. Critics are not censors absolute.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

We Are Shorter at Night.

It is an undoubted fact that the human body is shorter at night than in the morning, and that is due to the weight of the body compressing the intervertebral cartilages. During sleep or while in a recumbent position, the pressure being removed, their natural elasticity enables them to resume their normal size; consequently the height of an individual will vary from three-eighths to half an inch between morning and night.

Holed and Cornered.

Wife—I mended the hole in your trousers pocket last night after you had gone to bed, John, dear. Now, am I not a thoughtful wife?

Husband (dubiously)—Well—er—y-e-s, you are thoughtful enough, my dear, but how the mischief did you discover that there was a hole in my pocket?—Exchange.

No Difficulty.

Phillips Brooks once gave a new version of the Jonah story to a wondering skeptic, who said he doubted whether a whale's throat was large enough to swallow Jonah. "There was no difficulty," said the bishop; "Jonah was one of the minor prophets."

THE RAILROAD SCARE

ODD EFFECTS OF THE FIRST SIGHT OF A LOCOMOTIVE.

Some of the People of the South Hid Behind Trees in 1833, When the Iron Horse Went By—The Country's Earliest Railroad.

America cannot lay claim to the first locomotive or the first railroad. That great honor lies with England. Yet Yankee genius was not very far behind her, for, when George Stephenson launched his first real locomotive, the Rocket, on the Liverpool and Manchester road in 1825, the first spike had been driven on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, July 4, 1828, by Charles Carroll of Carrollton, the last surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence. This was the first road started in the United States, and in 1830 it had reached Elkton Mills, 13 miles from Baltimore.

But the south can claim the honor of completing the longest railroad in the world at that date, being the old Charleston and Hamburg road, now a part of the South Carolina and Georgia system, which was begun in 1830, and by October, 1833, it had 137 miles of track in operation. In a letter from Mr. Samuel C. Clarke of Georgia, a kinsman of the writer, who attained the extreme age of 91 years and who had seen the beginning and the completion of this road, he thus gives his experience upon first sight of a locomotive:

"One day while going down to Charleston with a party of gentlemen to attend the races as we approached the city we saw in the distance the new railroad, finished some 10 or 12 miles out of Charleston. It was built upon piles, longer or shorter, according to the nature of the ground. Sometimes in crossing a ravine the rails were 20 feet from the surface. Our track ran near this elevated road, and soon a horrid shriek as from 20 panthers was heard in the woods. By this time we were nervous. Elephants and lions we had heard of, and some of us had seen them, but what monster was this whose screams we heard? Presently it came in sight, flying aloft through the air and breathing fire and smoke, and our frightened steeds became unmanageable, and in fact I think that some of our party were as badly frightened as their horses. If any of my readers are old enough to remember the introduction of locomotives and how they felt at first sight of them, they will perhaps understand our sensations that day in the pine woods."

"A mile or two farther on we came to a broken wagon by the side of the road, and near it sat a Georgia cracker smoking his pipe. On being asked what was his trouble he replied, 'Well, stranger, I've often heard tell of nuffin'ction, and now I reckon I've saw it for true.'"

It is somewhat amusing now to read of the superstitious dread with which the inhabitants looked upon the building of these first railroads. Some thought the smoke of the continual passing trains would cause a pestilence or destroy all the crops along the road.

Others were afraid to ride on the cars for fear of having their breath taken away, and the people in the cities objected to the railroad being built because they feared the smoke from the engines would soil the clothes which were hung out to dry.

Many are yet living who looked upon the terrible, screeching iron monster with awe and trepidation. Mr. Nat McGee of Ivy, Albemarle, tells a joke upon himself that when he heard the train coming he jumped from his horse and got behind a tree, where he viewed it for fear of being run over. Mr. W. T. Prout, who was taking a wagon load of produce to Richmond, when he reached Gordonsville heard the whistle and terrible noise of the approaching train, and he and his companions were so scared that they sprang out, leaped the fence and ran across the field to a safe distance, leaving the wagon and team to its fate, but when the train appeared it was only an engine and one coach.

The first roadbeds were formed, as has been stated, by driving piles in the ground, upon the top of which were placed wooden stringers, in which were cut a groove for the wheels to run. These were called "wooden railroads" and at a distance appeared like the elevated railroads in the cities of the present day. The honor of this invention was contested between John Hartman of Scottsville, Va., and John Williams, an engineer of Ohio, but it did not prove a bonanza to either, for the wheels were constantly bouncing out of the groove, and the piles soon after gave place to solid dirt embankments, and strap iron rails were substituted for the wooden groove. But the grading was very imperfect and uneven, which made riding on one of these primitive railroads like going over a corduroy road in a springless wagon, with the cars bouncing over these rough rails to the jingling music of the windows.—Richmond Dispatch.

Sarcasm.

Art Dealer—Yes, that was painted by one of the old masters. But, I beg your pardon, sir, you must not touch it with your umbrella.

Old Mr. Hardplayer—What's the matter? Isn't it dry yet?

One Way of Looking at It.

Mabel—Miss Small is treating poor Johnstone shamefully!

Ethel—Oh, really, I haven't heard anything.

Mabel—Haven't you? They say she's going to marry him.—London King.

Blood oranges are sometimes artificially produced by injecting a few drops of claret through a small aperture in the rind.

ANIMALS THAT GO ON STRIKE

Birds, Beasts and Even Insects That Would Rather Loaf Than Work.

A common result of herding a large number of horses together in a field is that they all come out on strike. They bunch together under trees, eat less than usual, get more and more restive and are always neighing and rubbing noses. The end of it is that the entire herd declines to do any work, will not be saddled or harnessed, chases its attendants about, and bites, squeals and kicks all day. The oldest jog trotter after a "conference" like this, will jib, smash up his cart and behave like an unbroken colt. Nobody knows the reason. But in large towns also the horses all suddenly strike at times, especially if they have been together a good deal. Then there is a regular epidemic of runaways, smash ups and so forth, or sometimes most of the horses of a town, as if by previous arrangement, will be down in the road and refuse to get up.

Cows are worse still, and when they are seen crowding together under trees, jibbing and "mooing," they are said to be "on the growl," and the herders and milkmen know they are going to have a bad time. At such periods cows will sooner die of "milk fever" than let themselves be milked, and will be as sulky and intractable as mules. Bulls, when they get a fit of this kind, are actually known as "strikers" and are liable to become dangerous. When the herdsman sees them huddling together sulkily and making odd snorting or grunting noises, they look out for squalls, for the cattle will not be herded in any direction and stubbornly refuse to do anything they are wanted to do.

Birds are notorious for "woman's rights" strikes—that is, the females sometimes flock together, abandoning or driving away the males, and refuse to do any "housework" whatever. They desert their nests and will not finish building. They leave their eggs to grow cold and unhatched, and nothing will induce them to return. The male birds grow very concerned at such times, but they have no remedy, for throughout the beast and bird creation the male will never attack or injure the female, though the reverse often takes place. Warblers and starlings especially are given to these "female workers' strikes, and the thing becomes serious, for a whole district will be full of nests left to rot, clutches of eggs abandoned and even young broods left to starve if one or two of the "strikers" have hatched out their eggs.

Ants are geniuses at organizing and carrying out strikes, especially the little yellow ants that live with the black tribes and do most of their work for them. The wages they earn are not high, for they merely work for their keep. They are allowed the same food as their masters. At times, however, the yellow ant becomes discontented and after a great deal of congregating and restless strike work in a body and decline to do anything.

The black ants then cut them off from supplies and endeavor to starve them into submission. Sometimes they even attack them and try to bully them into doing the work. The "yellows," however, generally prefer to be killed rather than abandon their principles, are not to be coerced, and the masters are driven to do the work themselves. Sometimes they make a raid and get a fresh batch of "yellows" into the ant hill to take the strikers' places, but these mostly join the malcontents after a day or two. The strike ends in one of two ways—the "yellows" may escape and try to found a colony of their own or

they may give in and settle down to work again.

Perhaps, on the whole, rabbits are the most determined strikers there are. In rabbit colonies there are nearly always a certain number of stronger rabbits who do most of the hardest digging and burrowing, and about once in two years these appear to grow discontented and decline to make the passages which connect all the burrows in a big warren. Without these passages the assembly is not safe from stoats and ferrets, and the commonwealth is endangered. But the large digging rabbits give up work and sit about browsing in the pastures all day and night, and unless they choose to get to work again all new excavations for fresh rabbit families have to stop.—Detroit News-Tribune.

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A Railroad Man's Story.

"One of the worst starts I ever had," said an engineer the other day, "was due to a large, lazy pig that had got on my mind. Nothing will slide a train more easily and destructively from the rails than live pork. This particular specimen had a habit of burrowing alongside the track, and it was a fair presumption that sooner or later he would find something to interest him between the rails and somebody would go down the bank."

"I was coming down a hill one day at high speed and craning my neck for a comforting sight of piggy in his accustomed place when, as I popped around the curve, a bright red flag assailed my anxious gaze. The connection between that flag and the pig was only a bit of mental aberration on my part, but it was very vivid. I shut off and grabbed the whistle cord, but before I could even screech for brakes I saw that the flag was only a red flannel shirt which the good woman of the shanty to which the pig belonged had hung on an improvised clothesline between the telegraph poles."

"That may not sound like much of a scare, but it represents a type that turns the railroad man's hair to a delicate ash color."

Soapuds Dessert.

The tribes on the coast of British Columbia hold a festival in the autumn, the crowning item of which is the partaking of a few spoonfuls of a bowl of soapuds.

They gather in the dingy huts, which are hung with the staple food—dried salmon. For light they stick into the ground, head downward, a silvery fish about five inches long, set fire to the tail, and they have a torch, for the fish burns steadily.

After eating of various unsavory foods there comes the great treat. This is a bowl of a frothy, soapy mixture, obtained by crushing in a not overclean manner the sapoliti, or soap berries, and squeezing out the juice. This is as much like soapuds as it is possible to conceive. The natives sip it from spoons of black wood, neatly carved, of which they think a great deal.

Unknown to the Lawyers.

Judge —, one of the great lawyers of the last generation, charged a client a retainer of \$1,000 in an important case, but the parties got together next morning and settled the suit before the judge had opened a book or written a line concerning it. His client called to see if he would not refund part of the money. The lawyer seemed surprised at the suggestion. "Refund?" he exclaimed. "Refund, did you say? My friend, that is a kind of fund unknown to the legal profession!"—New York Press.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,

REAL ESTATE

INSURANCE

LOCAL AGENT FOR THE

South San Francisco Land and Improvement Co.

AGENT

HAMBURG-BREMEN,

PHOENIX of Hartford, Connecticut,

AND HOME of New York

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES.

House Broker,

Notary Public.

OFFICE AT POSTOFFICE,

Corner Grand and Linden Avenue,

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO CAL

TOWN NEWS.

The Woodmen's ball was a success. The County Poor Farm has at present 31 inmates.

Mrs. J. A. Huber Jr. is visiting friends at St. Helena, Cal.

Who will be the next working man to become a home owner here?

Buy or build you a home. Save rent and become your own landlord.

Mrs. Ripley's new cottage will add another ornament to Home Owners' Hill.

Miss Marie Putman, of San Francisco, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Snyder.

D. M. Sullivan is running the paper route recently purchased by Tom Hickey.

Mrs. Sagala has bought through Land Agent W. J. Martin, lot 16, in block 99.

Miss M. S. Schnell, of Sausalito, is visiting her sister Mrs. A. Jenevein at San Bruno.

Mrs. John Huber Jr. has just returned home after a month's visit at Helena, Cal.

Mr. John Bennett, of Visalia, and son of G. W. Bennett, paid our town a visit on Wednesday.

Jas. Grear, Messenger for the Western Meat Co., is spending a vacation at Auburn and Ukiah.

Mr. and Mrs. R. K. Patchell are spending a few days at the Patchell ranch, near Morgan Hill.

Miss Emma Engel of the Baden Hotel has returned after spending a few weeks visiting friends in San Francisco.

H. J. Vandenberg will be employed for some time by the California Jockey Club at Tanforan Race Track repairing harness.

Charles Johnson has put in a new foundation and floor for M. J. Hawes under the Butcher Hall building on Grand Ave.

P. L. Murphy has returned from Oakland, at which place he has been engaged as a salesman for the Western Meat Company.

The gross receipts of San Francisco and San Mateo Railroad Company from June 1, 1900 to May 31, 1901, aggregated \$223,208.50.

Mrs. Lillian Daniel returned Tuesday evening from Dunsmuir, Cal., where she has been for some time, much improved in health.

Carl Peterson, an old resident of this place, and at present proprietor of a saloon in San Francisco, was in town visiting old friends on Monday.

G. H. Reichers, of the firm of Gaerdes & Reichers has sold his interest in the grocery and hardware business here to Herman Gaerdes, and removed to San Francisco.

Mrs. R. K. Patchell, after a pleasant vacation spent on their beautiful ranch on the Watsonville road, returned to her home in the city last Friday.—Sun Times, Morgan Hill.

While going from this place to the pottery on Monday morning Theodore Burlinger lost a diamond ring from his coat pocket. On leaving same at postoffice finder will be liberally rewarded.

Health Officer Barrett has made a vigorous report to the Board of County Supervisors upon the disgusting nuisance on San Bruno Road, caused by the dumping of San Francisco garbage by wholesale on said road.

On Friday of last week burglars made an attempt to blow open the safe in the R. R. office at San Mateo. The approach of an extra freight train probably frightened them away before they had accomplished their purpose.

Own your own home. Stop paying rent. A magnificent five-room cottage, with bath, free from dampness; high, modern and sunny; sideboard; on most desirable part of Grand avenue. Inquire at Postoffice. Your own terms.

Mr. W. J. Martin has raised \$9000 on the proposed oil well, but insists on securing the full \$12500 before commencing work. The unsettled conditions of industrial affairs hinders this, as well as many other enterprises.

Secretary Huff of the electric road was hurriedly called East this week to confer with the Baltimore gentlemen who now own the road. It is supposed the conference has something to do with the extension of the line to San Mateo.—Leader, San Mateo.

Real estate bought and sold; houses rented; taxes paid; conveyancing done; leases and other legal papers drawn by E. E. Cunningham, real estate agent and notary public. Postoffice building.

Prof. H. R. Panton, principal of our public school, requests parents who wish their children to attend school during the present school year to send the children to school now. The importance of the request is obvious, and we trust will meet with a prompt and general response.

LOST—Near Tanforan Park, August 1st, a white and black fox hound bitch; had on a San Francisco dog license collar No. 242. Liberal reward will be paid for return of dog to John J. McEvoy, 1713 13th ave., South San Francisco, or to Times-Gazette office, Redwood City.

If you desire to feel safe, sleep sound and fortify your credit, don't fail to have a policy of fire insurance to cover your property, and to secure such protection in sound companies, call on E. E. Cunningham, at Postoffice building.

It is rumored that the delays in commencing work on the Bay Shore R. R. and on the extension of the S. F. and San Mateo Electric Ry. are due in a large measure to the conditions resulting from the prevailing

strikes which render it impracticable to obtain steel rails required for the work.

Mr. John L. Kennedy, a prominent attorney of Omaha, paid a visit to Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Martin the past week. Mr. Kennedy was one of the Republican Presidential electors for Nebraska in 1900. Mr. Martin and Mr. Kennedy were law partners at Omaha in the eighties.

Since the laying of the main sewer on Cypress and Juniper avenues by the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, the following property owners have made sewer connections, viz.: Robt. Wienom, two houses; Charles Mercks, A. Patterson, two houses; N. Merriam, three houses; Wm. Hoppe; Mrs. Vestey, two houses; John Fischer; D. O. Daggett and Pat Ferriter, Grand Hotel.

"Be it ever so humble there's no place like home." Yes, get a home somehow. Stop emptying your earnings into the insatiable maw of the always hungry rent roll. Get you a home and anchor yourself to mother earth. Get a home and stop rent waste, and waste of time and money spent in moving. When you become a free holder you will become a free man.

Mr. E. N. Brown has returned to our town after an absence of something more than twelve months, and has taken the position of engineer at the pumping works of the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, relieving Mr. John Schirck, who goes to Ukiah Springs to recuperate his health. Mr. Brown has, during the past year, held the responsible position of engineer on one of the Government transports, and is well qualified for the new duties he has assumed.

SAN BRUNO ROAD WAYSIDE NOTES.

Everyone knows that the powder works at Santa Cruz had its annual blow up. One man was killed and another is dying. But still the proprietors are exonerated and enjoying good health.

All kinds of beer; but Shakespeare and Books' peer don't go with Fritz. The hot weather during the past few days has made steam and lager beer a popular beverage, and those who indulge, as some few do during weather of this kind, frequently resort to those places where they can find the brand that best suits their taste. A group of such were lined up along the bar of "The Real Thing" saloon, and while they were being served, one of the party said: "The best glass of beer I ever drank was right over this bar, and Fritz served it." W. R. Markt is proprietor of The Real Thing, but Fritz is the latest addition to the saloon. Fritz knows nothing but beer. His father had in his early life worked in a beer garden in Cincinnati, and later came to California and opened up a saloon in Half Moon Gulch. So Fritz was really brought up in a saloon, and as soon as he was large enough to see over the bar he commenced to assist his father in serving the customers. The Real Thing is known far and wide as the one place above all others where you can get a delicious glass of beer, and since Fritz has been made one of the valuable additions to the place, it is beyond question the only place on earth. Aside from beer Fritz is a "Rummy," but he knows every brand of beer that has ever been made, and he can give you the comparative merits of each. The boys josh Fritz, and every day some joke is worked off on him, but he takes it good naturedly, seemingly ignorant of the fact that the jokes are on him. Here is an illustration of Fritz's beautiful ignorance on every subject except beer: A book agent struck "The Real Thing" the other day, and in his systematic canvas of the place got mixed up with Fritz. "Is this the proprietor?" he asked. "I am, nit." "Well I would like to sell you a set of Shakespeare." "No, I handle noddings but Mission beer." "No, no, I mean books," said the agent. "Well, I have tried dot Bucks peer, too, but I don't like it neither." The agent gave up in despair and walked out without further explanations.

Three scows are once more conveying clay from Warren's clay pit to the Alameda pottery works.

The scow Alma, employed to deliver clay from Warren's clay pit to the Alameda works, sprung a leak from lying on the hard sandy bottom, and at the present time is having the leak repaired and her bottom scraped.

Any one going on a visit to Warren's quarry will, after arriving, immediately notice that there has been another change made. And if the visitor will take the trouble to find out why it is that everything is running so smoothly, he will be informed that W. McMullen is once more in charge, and that is assurance enough for the most fastidious individual.

Mrs. H. Markt, mother of W. R., F. A. and R. W. Markt enjoyed a very pleasant visit of thirty days with her three great big boys. Mrs. Markt left on the return trip to San Antonio, Texas, last Thursday, but vows that she will return next spring to remain in the Golden State the rest of her more than pleasant existence, and the boys are already wishing for Mayday.

The teamsters' strike in San Francisco is assuming some very peculiar phases. W. R. Markt had a 600 gallon water tank which he wished to have hauled out to his place on the San Bruno Road, and after repeated efforts secured a party to haul it out to his place, but not until he put up a bond for the security of the wagon, horse and driver, in order to insure the safe return of all the property.

San Francisco's dumping grounds, in San Mateo county, are assuming a stench which is to be envied only by

the glue works. That this dumping of refuse matter is allowed by the Supervisors, Health Officer, and the general public is a matter of conjecture.

COAST ITEMS.

(From Advocate-Pennant.)

Amly McSweeney, a meat inspector at Baden, accompanied by his wife and child, arrived here Saturday on a visit to the McGovern's.

A new oil company is reported to have secured a lease on a portion of John H. Pitcher's place on the lower Tunitas, and will commence operations soon. It is said there are some very good indications thereabouts.

The Fountain Oil Co.'s well has now reached a depth of 480 feet. Considerable difficulty has been encountered in the last few feet, owing to the bad nature of the ground, but this is being overcome by the efficient superintendent, Mr. Tabor.

The Bella Vista well has reached a depth of 800 feet, but an accident to the casing at 300 feet has delayed the work of sinking temporarily.

A new oil company is being organized to exploit the splendid prospects on the Madonna place. It is the intention of the promoters to secure all the necessary capital among local people, if possible. Joseph Debenedetti is at the head of the concern and among the other parties already interested are Charles Borden, Frank Madonna, Wm. Wightman and W. J. Savage. A lease has been secured on the property, and if the required money can be raised a rig will be put on the ground and a dive made down into the earth for the precious fluid. Several experienced oil men have examined the surface indications, formations and seepage of this locality and claim that all conditions are favorable for a splendid quality of oil at a reasonable depth.

WORK PROGRESSING.

The Standard Electric Company has a large force of men employed in erecting poles and stringing wires between Baden and Redwood City.

The rights-of-way for the purpose have been secured as far as this point, and it is expected that work will be pushed until the line reaches San Francisco.

The tower on the creek bank at Redwood City is completed and the cables are suspended across the slough, where a sub-station especially for the use of the Consolidated Light and Power Company is about finished. Just as soon as the transformers arrive from the Eastern factory the current will be supplied to San Mateo county from the Standard Electric Company's lines.—Times, San Mateo.

A FLOATING WRECK.

There is a derelict floating off the shore of Halfmoon Bay. It has been seen by a number of the people who live along the ocean shore between here and Lobitos, and in some cases has been critically examined with glasses. It was first discovered by Ed. Frey, of Lobitos, who pointed it out to the passer-by.

From descriptions given by hundreds who have viewed the wreck, it is the upturned hull of a large vessel. The government bureau of navigation should look into this affair, as the derelict is in the path of the steamers plying up and down the coast.—Advocate-Pennant.

ADVANTAGES OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO AS A MANUFACTURING CENTER.

A low tax rate.

An equable and healthful climate.

The only deep water on the peninsula south of San Francisco.

Directly on the Bay Shore line of the Southern Pacific Railway and only ten miles from the foot of Market street, San Francisco.

A ship canal which enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

An independent railroad system, which provides ample switching facilities to every industry.

Waterworks with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district.

Thirty-four hundred acres of land in one compact body fronting on the bay of San Francisco, affording cheap and advantageous sites for all sorts of factories.

Several large industries already in actual and successful operation.

An extensive and fine residence district, where working men may secure land at reasonable prices and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

Ahwashti Tribe No. 89, Improved Order Red Men are to cross bats with Tippecanoe Tribe at 16th and Folson Sts., Aug. 18th, for championship of the order.

Thos. Mason, Captain and Manager.

SCHOOL NOTICE.

Parents wishing to send their children to school during this school year, will kindly do so now, that the pupils may proceed in the proper manner.

By order of The School Board.

CHURCH NOTICE.

There will be services at Grace Mission every Sunday a. m. and not in the evening for the summer months.

TO LET.

New house, modern improvements, two flats. Lower floor flat, \$10; upper flat, \$12 per month. Inquire at Postoffice.

READ THIS NOTICE.

\$25 Reward.—The Board of Supervisors of the County of San Mateo offer a reward of \$25 for evidence that will lead to the arrest and conviction of persons violating the fish and game laws of said county. The following is the open season for taking or killing game or fish in said county each year: Trout, from April 1st to Nov. 1st; deer, from Aug. 1st to Sept. 15th; doves, from Aug. 1st to Feb. 1st; ducks, from Oct. 1st to Feb. 1st; quail, from Nov. 1st to Dec. 1st; rail, from Oct. 15th to Nov. 15th. Shooting rail from boats at high tide prohibited. Offenders will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. By order of the Board of Supervisors of San Mateo county. Dated July 15th, 1901.

REWARD!!!

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company offer a reward of \$10 for information leading to arrest and conviction of person or persons maliciously damaging its property.

MARKET REPORT.

CATTLE.—Being offered freely and prices are lower.

SHEEP.—Sheep of all kinds are selling at easy prices.

HOGS.—Hogs are in demand at strong prices.

PROVISIONS.—Provisions are in fair demand at steady prices.

LIVESTOCK.—The quoted prices are: 1 lb (less 50 per cent shrinkage on cattle), delivered and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fat and merchantable.

CATTLE.—No. 1 Fat Steers, 8c; 2d quality, 7½c; No. 1 Cows and Heifers, 6½c; No. 2 Cows and Heifers, 6¼c; thin Cows, 5½c.

HOGS.—Hard, grain-fed, 250 lbs and under 6½c; over 250 to 300 lbs, 5½c; 6c; rough heavy hogs, 4½c.

SHEEP.—Desirable Wethers, dressing 50 lbs. and under, 3½c; ewes, 3¼c; 3½c. Suckling Lambs, \$2.50@3 per head; or 4½c @5c per lb live wt.

CALVES.—Under 250 lbs, alive gross weight, 5½c@6c; over 250 lbs, 4½c@4¾c.

FRESH MEAT.—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses.

BEEF.—First quality steers, 6½c; second quality, 6c@6¼c; first quality cows and heifers, 6c; second quality, 5½c; third quality, 4½c@5c.

VEAL.—Large, 7½c; small, good, 9c@9½c; common, 8c.

MUTTON.—Wethers, 7½c; Ewes, 6½c@7½c; Suckling Lambs, 8c@9c.

DRESSED HOGS.—Hard, 9c@9½c.

PROVISIONS.—Hams, 14c; picnic hams, 10½c; Atlanta ham, 10½c; New York, shoulder, 10½c.

BACON.—Ex. Lt. S. C. bacon, 16c; light S. C. bacon, 15c; med. bacon, clear, 12c; Lt. med. bacon, clear, 12½c; clear light, 13½c; clear ex. light bacon, 14½c.

BEEF.—Extra Family, bbl, \$12.00; do, hf-bbl, \$6.25; Family Beef, bbl, \$11.50; do, hf-bbl, \$6.00; Extra Mess, bbl, \$11.50; do, hf-bbl, \$6.00.

PORK.—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 11c; do, light, 11½c; do, Bolles, 11½c; Extra Clear, bbl, \$22.50; hf-bbls., \$11.50; Soused Pigs' Feet, hf-bbls., \$4.75; do, kits, \$1.25.

LARD.—Prices are: 1 lb: Tcs. ¼-bbls. 50s. 20s. 10s. 5s. Compound 7½c; 7½c; 7½c; 7½c; 8¼c; 8¼c; 10½c; 10½c; 10½c; 10½c; 11½c; 11½c.

In 3-bb tins the price on each is ½c higher than on 5-bb tins.

CANNED MEATS.—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 2s, \$2.35; 1s, \$1.30; Roast Beef, 2s \$2.35; 1s, \$1.30.

TERMS.—Net cash, no discount, and prices are subject to change on all Provisions without notice.

Save Your Money

—By Going to—

Ward, Sweeney & Co.

(Formerly with Kavanagh & Co.)

GROCERS,

Wholesale and Retail

309 and 311 THIRD STREET, San Francisco.

Telephone—Red 1712.

Orders delivered to Alameda, Marin and San Mateo Counties Free of Charge.

San Mateo County Building and Loan Association.

Assets, \$175,000.00.

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BREWRIES

THE WORLD'S COAL

Facts and Calculations Touching Increased Price.

ASTOUNDING FIGURES

Annual Output When Considered in Bulk Gives Rise to Fears.

But 1,000 Years of Reserve Left Surely Allays All Anxiety—The Imagination Staggers Under the Array of Facts Illustrated by Diagrams and Fortified by Calculations—A Train 71,000 Miles Long to Transport Our Annual Product.



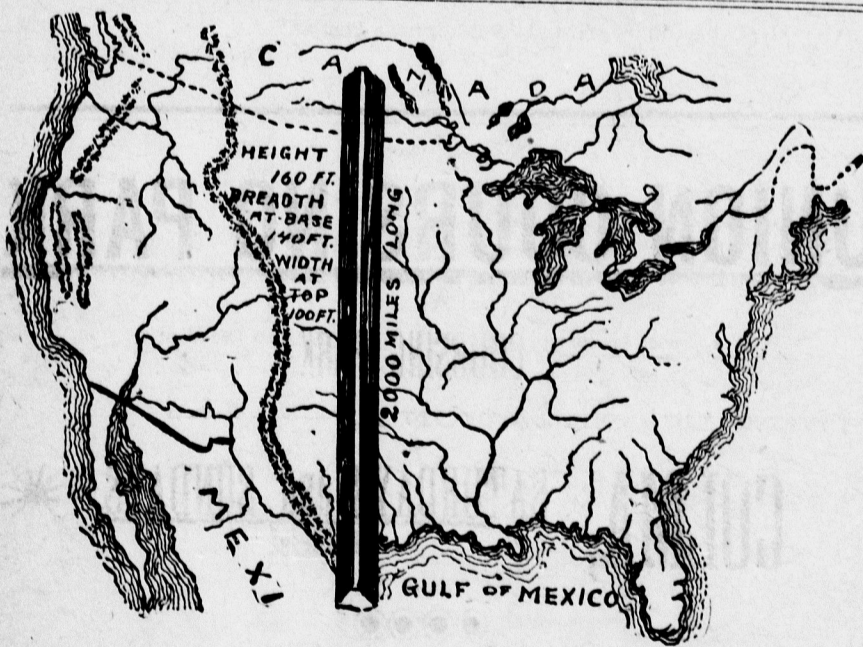
HE coal barons announce that the price of coal will advance by a fixed gradation according to a schedule agreed upon by the producers. We are also told that the coal supply will be exhausted in a few years. The first announcement, says Pennsylvania Grit, of Williamsport, is a stubborn fact which will not yield to argument; the other statement will appear less alarming if we examine it in the light of such information as we are able to get.

According to statistical reports the output of coal in the United States last year was in round numbers 250,000,000 tons. As a ton of coal in strata represents about one cubic yard, last year's output was 250,000,000 cubic yards. This amount of coal would make a stack a mile square and approximately 400 feet high. It is an enormous quantity, and we may be excused for some alarm when we are told that the reserve supply will soon be exhausted. But it may be well to look into the matter a little before getting into a panic of fear. However, before relieving our distress of mind, let us enjoy a brief season of additional shivers.

Thirty Years' Product.

Somebody has estimated that during the past thirty years we have mined 5,000,000,000 tons of coal. Do we realize what that means. This quantity of coal, estimating a ton at a cubic yard, and dealing in round numbers, would make one cubic mile; that is, a block one mile high, one mile broad, and one mile thick. But this calculation is made on the basis of coal closely compacted in the strata. When coal is brought to the surface it gains about one-third in bulk. Let us suppose, therefore, that each ton of coal after being extracted from the mine occupies a space of about forty cubic feet. This is not uncommon allowance for storage. It follows, therefore, that one cubic mile of coal in the mine becomes on the surface 1.3 cubic miles. A person with a taste for mathematical calculations can figure out that 1.3 cubic miles of material would build a wall 100 feet high, 140 feet broad at the base, 100 feet wide at the top, and 2,000 miles long. In other words, the coal that has been mined in the United States within thirty years would build a Chinese wall of the dimensions given, across the United States from the lowest point in Texas to the northern boundary of North Dakota, and extending 200 miles into British territory.

Or, 1.3 cubic miles of material would construct an enormous breakwater running out to sea twenty-two miles, one mile wide and 320 feet high. In order to get a clearer conception of



A WALL OF COAL, 2,000 MILES LONG.

what an enormous bulk is represented by the output of coal for one year, let us undertake to move it. For convenience we will assume that a coal car is thirty feet long and carries twenty tons. On this basis it would require 12,500,000 cars to hold 250,000,000 tons of coal, and if the cars were put into a train, making no allowance for coupling spaces, the train would be over 71,000 miles long. Such a train would practically extend three times around the globe. Multiply this yearly output by 20 and we have the jumped estimate for the output for thirty years. In this case the train would consist of 150,000,000 cars and would be 1,420,000 miles long, or long enough to reach round the world fifty-nine times.

Here is another aspect of the question. Assuming that our average an-

nuual output is 220,000,000 tons, a week's output would build a pyramid by the side of which the Great Pyramid of Cheops would be dwarfed to comparative insignificance; and every ten minutes there is raised 15,000 tons of coal. Suppose we take a gigantic pair of scales, and in one pan put one of our large new battleships weighing 14,000 tons, and in the other pan the coal mined in a single period of ten minutes. The battleship would be elevated to a position neither natural nor dignified, yet in accordance with the inexorable law of gravitation.

But of the great mass of coal we produced in 1900 only 7,000,000 tons were exported. Nevertheless, comparatively insignificant as this amount seems in

advance in price at the rate at which it is going this year, the capacity of the public to purchase will have ceased long before the available supply shall have been exhausted.

It may not be amiss to attempt to represent the reserve supply of coal in this country by means of a diagram, using only round numbers and approximate dimensions.

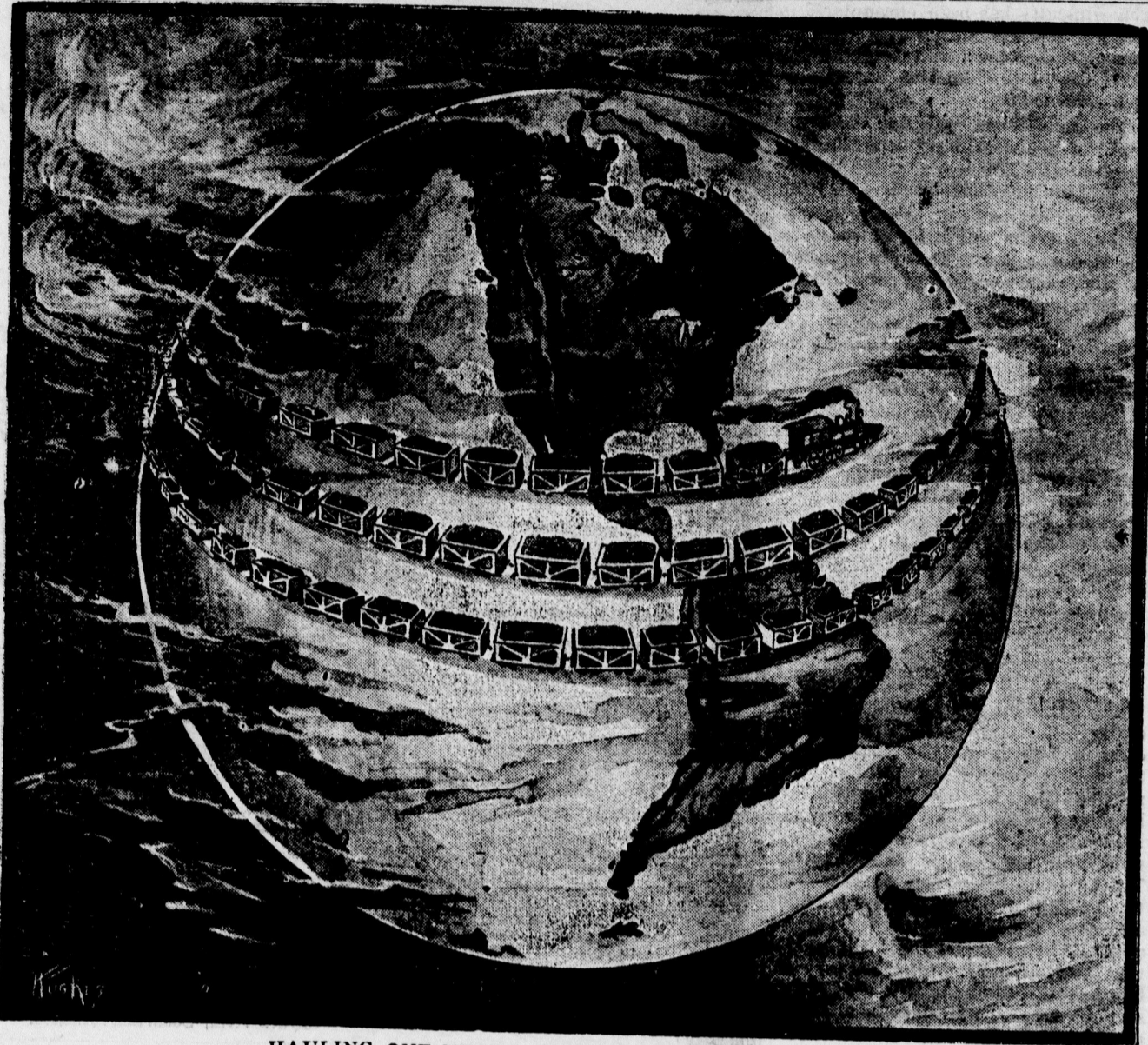
If the coal mined within thirty years is equivalent to a block of the dimensions of a cubic mile, the reserve may be indicated by a block 100 times as large in cubical contents. That is to say, the coal still in the bowels of the earth would make a cube of 100 miles dimensions. As a matter of fact, if the coal supply is 500,000,000,000 tons,

ginia, Washington, and Wyoming. Several of these States produce upward of 4,000,000 and some as high as 6,000,000 tons annually.

For the year 1890 the total bituminous output was 191,551,350 tons, valued at \$172,406,679; anthracite, 60,577,398 tons, valued at \$103,048,780. Kentucky produced 36,639 tons of cannel coal valued at \$91,597. Grand total, 252,115,887 tons; valued, \$276,147,056.

The Land of the Lazy Man.

"In a late sojourn in Honduras," said L. B. Givens, "I came to the conclusion that it was a paradise for lazy men. Everything grows luxuriantly, with but little labor on the part of the natives, and many crops do not need



HAULING ONE YEAR'S OUTPUT OF AMERICAN COAL.

comparison with the total output, it would require about 834,000 cars of twenty tons capacity each to haul it to the seaboard for shipment, and it would supply cargoes of 3,500 tons each to 2,000 vessels. England exports annually 42,000,000 tons of coal, and to transport it, 12,000 vessels, each of carrying capacity of 3,500 tons, are required.

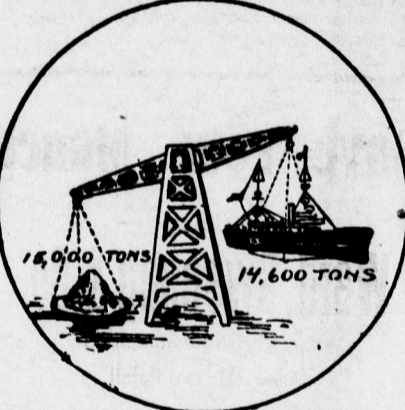
71,000 Trainloads.

Let us imagine a condition in which our entire annual output would be exported. In that case we should have 71,000 trains each a mile long carrying coal from the mines to tidewater, and the seas would be crowded with more than 70,000 loaded ships. If we carry the calculations still further and deal with the output for thirty years, the merchant marine devoted to the coal carrying trade would be swelled to the stupendous number of 1,420,000 ships.

These calculations give us something of an idea of the extent of the coal mining industry, and dispose our minds to accept without question the alarmist reports sent out from time to time coincidentally with the announcement of an advance in the market price. However, there is another side to the question. It is estimated that the area of coal lands in the world is 472,000 acres, distributed as follows: China and Japan, 200,000; United States, 104,000; India, 35,000; Russia, 27,000; Great

the cube would be very close to 173 miles in height, breadth and thickness, and the thirty years' output would be a cube of about 1.73 miles. But for convenience the even numbers are used, though they are far below the actual figures. The proportions, however, are given with sufficient accuracy.

A London paper has dug up a procla-



TEN MINUTES' OUTPUT.

mation issued 600 years ago by Edward I., which indicates that coal was not appreciated so much by the people of the fourteenth century as it is now. The proclamation is referred to in 1652 as follows:

"Whereas in the year of our Lord God 1300, King Edward the I by proclamation prohibited the burning of sea coal in London and the suburbs to avoid the sulferous smoke and savor of the firing . . . there is so great scarcity of wood throughout the whole kingdom that . . . the inhabitants in general are constrained to make their fires of sea coal or pit coal even in the chambers of honorable personages. Within thirty years last the nice dames of London would not come into any house or room where sea coles were burning nor willingly eat of the meat that was either sod or roasted with sea coal fire."

World Need Not Worry.

Now the world is beginning to worry lest it be not able to get enough coal to burn. It may be of interest to know what proportion of the world's total output of coal is credited to the various coal producing countries. In 1890, the last year in which statistics are available, the production in metric tons was as follows: United States, 228,717,579; United Kingdom, 228,806,668; Germany, 135,824,427; Austro-Hungary, 36,000,000; France, 32,779,965; Belgium, 21,917,740; Russia, 13,000,000; Japan, 6,050,000; Australasia, 6,700,000; India, 5,000,000; Canada, 4,141,000; Spain, 2,742,000; Mexico, 409,125; Sweden, 239,344; Italy, 375,000; all other countries, 3,500,000; total, partly estimated, 727,603,661.

Thirty American States and territories, including Alaska, produce coal of one kind or another. Even Nebraska produced 1,000 tons in 1890. Pennsylvania led with 133,585,274 tons; Illinois was second with 23,434,445; West Virginia third with 18,201,180; and Ohio fourth with 16,695,449 tons. With the exception of Indiana, the other States which produce coal to the amount of 1,000,000 tons annually are: Alabama, Colorado, Indian Territory, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Maryland, Missouri, Montana, New Mexico, Tennessee, Vir-

replanting more than once in eight or ten years. The country offers fine inducements to enterprising men, but it is hard for a white man used to civilized ways to go down there and dwell among an ignorant lot of natives who are 100 years behind the times. A man would have no congenial society, and might as well be an exile.

"The natives usually live in bamboo houses, though in the towns the dwellings are of adobe. Children go naked for the first two or three years of their life, and the attire of the adults is rather scant. The government is liberal with concessions in order to encourage the development of the country's resources, but there is no general rule governing the granting of privileges; it all depends on how good a bargain may be driven. The climate is very salubrious and laziness is about the only prevailing disease.

American Sewing Machine.

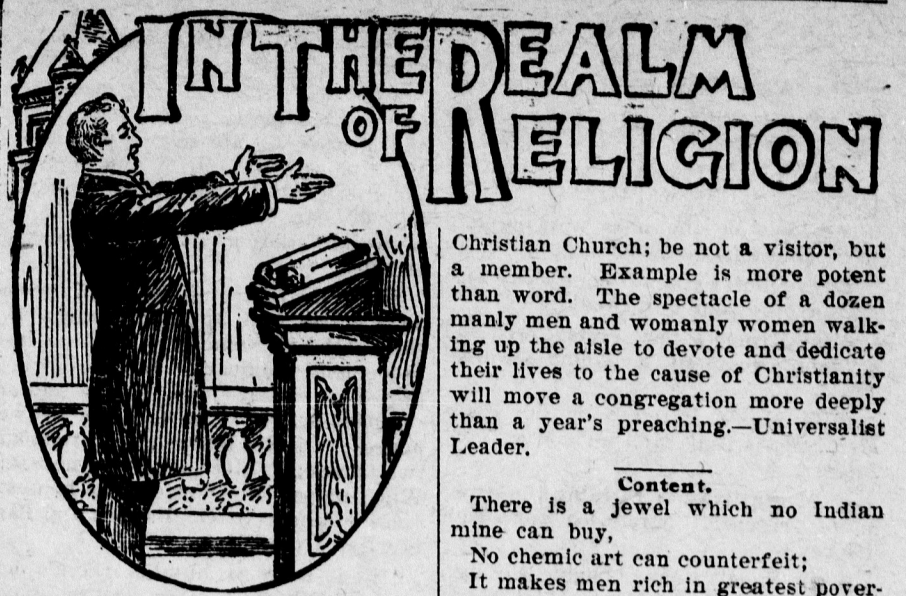
There are made on the average in the United States, it is computed, 500,000 sewing machines a year, and the extent of the sewing machine business is shown by figures which, if not sustained by official corroboration, might be thought to be extravagant. There are sixty-five sewing machine factories in the United States, with a gross capital of \$20,000,000, giving employment to 10,000 persons and having annual receipts of more than \$15,000,000.

The American sewing machine industry is sufficiently large to supply not only the home market, but the foreign market as well, and nine-tenths of all the machines made in the world are produced in the United States, and practically all of them are protected by American patents, and are the results of Yankee ingenuity, perseverance, and discovery. In the figures of the sewing machine business of this country the important item of repairs to machines are not included. It is a separate branch of the business, maintained apart from the manufacture of machines, and gives employment to a considerable number of persons. American sewing machines to the value of about \$4,000,000 a year are shipped to other countries, and there is practically no country where the benefits of civilization are known in which the American sewing machines are not in use.—New York Sun.

Cheap Tea.

Tea drinkers will be surprised to learn that in Mincing lane the Ceylon leaves from which their favorite beverage is brewed has been sold at the fabulously low sum of five cents per pound. This is probably a record price for tea, and it has caused a great deal of indignation among the planters in the island of the "spicy breezes," who declare that the stuff thus sold can be little better than rubbish, and is calculated to bring the products of Ceylon, and India generally, into disrepute. It would be interesting to know how much per pound the public were asked to pay for the article, or how much a cup they gave for the water in which it had been steeped for a certain time.—London Daily Telegraph.

Why do people give advice? Fools won't take it, and wise men don't need it.



A Christian Doctor's Prescription.

Some years ago a lady, who tells the story herself, went to consult a famous New York physician about her health. She was a woman of nervous temperament, whose troubles—and she had many—had worried and excited her to such a pitch that the strain threatened her physical strength, and even her reason. She gave the doctor a list of her symptoms, and answered his questions, only to be astonished at his brief prescription at the end: "Madam, what you need is to read your Bible more."

"But, doctor," began the bewildered patient.

"Go home and read your Bible an hour a day," the great man reiterated, with kindly authority, "then come back to me a month from to-day." And he bowed her out without a possibility of further protest.

At first his patient was inclined to be angry. Then she reflected that at least the prescription was not an expensive one. Besides, it certainly had been a long time since she had read the Bible regularly, she reflected with a pang of conscience. Worldly cares had crowded out prayer and Bible study for years and, though she would have resented being called an irreligious woman, she had undoubtedly become a most careless Christian. She went home and set herself conscientiously to try the physician's remedy.

In one month she went back to his office. "Well," he said—smiling, as he looked at her face, "I see you are an obedient patient, and have taken my prescription faithfully. Do you feel as if you needed any other medicine now?"

"No, doctor, I don't," she said, honestly. "I feel like a different person—I hope I am a different person! But how did you know that that was just what I needed?"

For answer the famous physician turned to his desk. There, worn and marked, lay an open Bible. "Madam," he said, with deep earnestness, "if I were to omit my daily reading of this book I should lose my greatest source of strength and skill. I never go to an operation without reading my Bible. I never attend a distressing case without finding help in its pages. Your case called not for medicine, but for sources of peace and strength outside your own mind, and I showed you my own prescription, and I knew it would cure."

"Yet I confess, doctor," said his patient, "that I came very near not taking it."

Keep the Law.

God is never more a loving Father than when He insists on our keeping the law. He is never kinder to us than when by suffering even He brings us to obedience to law. Even when He punishes us He is still our Father. But this is a thing we are slow to learn. One reason is that so many of our teachers, in their ignorance, have misrepresented God. They have talked to us about Him as a ruler, a king, a taskmaster and a judge, to the exclusion of everything else, so that we often think of Him as the head of a great government, in which He is busy seeing that all the rules are kept and all the rebels are punished. But He is after all, as we are taught in the prayers of the church, the Father of the whole family, in heaven and earth. And as the Father of us all He is concerned about us, and for our spiritual, moral and physical health He teaches us the Commandments and insists on their being kept. For, after all, what are laws? They are not arbitrary rules. They are not regulations laid down by a sovereign. They are not edicts issued to keep us in order and to save us from one another. They are nothing of the kind. They are something quite different from that. They are something in us. They are the lines along which we are built. They are the conditions of our life. Our Father who made us holds up to us the laws of our own nature, so we may keep them, and "be healthy, happy and at peace. If we violate these we suffer.—Reformed Church Messenger.

The Personal Equation.

The differences of observation by two persons must be checked one against the other before they can arrive at any correct understanding of each other. Often that which we call ignorance or perversity in another is nothing but the force of the personal equation.—The Methodist Recorder.

Identify Yourself with the Church.

For the sake of others as well as for your own, identify yourself with the

Christian Church; be not a visitor, but a member. Example is more potent than word. The spectacle of a dozen manly men and womanly women walking up the aisle to devote and dedicate their lives to the cause of Christianity will move a congregation more deeply than a year's preaching.—Universalist Leader.

Content.

There is a jewel which no Indian mine can buy.
No chemic art can counterfeit;
It makes men rich in greatest poverty.
Makes water wine, turns wooden cups to gold.
The homely whistle to sweet music's strain;
Seldom it comes, to few from heaven sent.
That much in little—all in nought—content.

Not Enough Trust.

They greatly dare who greatly trust. If our faith were greater, our deeds would be larger. The reason so few of us do not attempt great things for God is simply because we do not trust Him enough.—The Episcopal Recorder.

An Exception.

Trust men, and they will be true to you; treat them greatly, and they will show themselves great, though they make an exception in your favor to all their rules of trade.—Emerson.

Thoughts of Truth.

Falsehoods always endeavor to copy the mien and attitude of truth.—Johnson.

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam.—Milton.

Truth without peace is turbulent, and peace without truth is secure injustice.—Bishop Hall.

The greatest friend of truth is time; her greatest enemy is prejudice; her constant companion is humility.

Of all the duties, the love of truth, with faith and constancy in it, ranks first and highest. To love God and to love truth are one and the same.—Silvio Pellico.

If the question "What is truth?" be asked only in the second place, it is likely to receive a very different answer from what it would if it had been asked in the first place.—Whately.

There is nothing so delightful as the hearing or the speaking of truth. For this reason there is no conversation so agreeable as that of the man of integrity, who hears without any intention to betray, and speaks without any intention to deceive.—Plato.

The study of truth is perpetually joined with the love of virtue; for there is no virtue which derives not its original from truth, as on the contrary there is no vice which has not its beginning from a lie. Truth is the foundation of all knowledge, and the cement of all society.—Cassaubon.

Our Wild Cherries.

In the early history of America, two species of cherry were found wild. The common one grows to a large tree, and was named by the botanists, *Cerasus serotina*. This is what is usually understood when referring to the wild cherry. Wild cherry bark and wild cherry tonics of the drug stores are obtained from this species. There is another species which seldom makes a tree of any size, and is more commonly known as a large shrub. This is the *Cerasus Virginiana*. It is better known, in distinction to the other, as the choke cherry. It is more closely related to the bird cherry. The bird cherry is known as the *Cerasus padus*. Since the introduction of the common cherry of the old world, birds have carried seeds from the gardens to the woods, and this cherry has now become almost as common in some of the woods around certain cities as though it were indigenous here. This is even called the wild cherry, when speaking comparatively with the garden one. But the names tend to confusion with the American wild cherry. Nurserymen, in order to prevent confusion, have almost universally adopted the name of Mazzard for the wild forms of the garden cherry.—Meehan's Monthly.

Advantages of a Nut Diet.

Dr. Allis says: The food of primitive man consisted exclusively of fruit and nuts, but with advancing civilization they were more and more neglected as an article of food until at last they have come to be looked upon as only a side dish, to be used to a limited extent, and then only as an accessory to the table, a sort of luxury instead of a food. Nuts are not only exceedingly nutritious, but easy of digestion if the skins or inner linings are discarded. They possess little if any starch and therefore are a valuable substitute for other food in cases of obesity. They compel an amount of mastication which is given to nothing else. No one swallows, in the way they will other food, without thoroughly chewing it. Again, they perform a function of peptonization in the stomach, assist in preventing the formation of an excess of bile and act as a gentle laxative. Persons suffering from dyspepsia will find a great relief by making nuts a part of their daily diet.—Popular Science News.

The female who is fat, fair and forty may be attractive, but she isn't in it for a minute with the one who is slender, saucy and sixteen.

TO MANUFACTURERS

Who desire a location combining every feature conducive to prosperity, sufficiently near to San Francisco to enjoy all the privileges of a site in the metropolis, and yet sufficiently remote to escape the heavy taxation and other burdens incident to the city.

Where a ship canal enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

Where large ferry boats enter the large ferry slip now in use, and land passengers, freight and whole trains of cars.

Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.

Where a private water-works plant, with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, supplies an abundance of pure artesian water at rates far below city prices.

Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and **Seven Miles of Water Front** on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.

If you desire such a location come and see what we have in South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

For further information call or address

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.

202 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly **FIFTEEN HUNDRED PEOPLE**.

An extensive and fine residence district, where workingmen may secure land at reasonable prices, and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

Detail information cheerfully furnished. Address

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